ANOTHER INSURANCE CLAIM PAID THIS WEEK.

The New Paper. SMITH'S WEEKLY will be out Tuesday - - JUNE 21st. ONE PENNY.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

No. 726.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 16, 1904. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

ROB ROY PENS.

"The Good Points of Rob Roy make writing a Joy."

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10,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

FREE PRESENTATION.

Sale Price, 3/6 Postage, 4d. extra.

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Skirt, a

Bracelet, mounted, quoise, nets,

SEAMLESS WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS,

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bed-room, &c.

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for

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IRISH DAMASK TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.

"Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues."—Bishop Hall.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Breathing Impure Air, Too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c., use

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

It is Cooling, Health-Giving, Refreshing, and Invigorating.

NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease; without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the functions of the Liver, Bowels, Skin, and Kidneys, by Natural Means, and thus Rectifies the Stomach, and makes the Liver laugh with Joy!

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' Works, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

"NO BETTER FOOD."—*Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.*

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

300 Gold Medals, &c.

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

—*SIR CHARLES CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

Sold only in 6d. Packets—¼, ½, and 1-lb. Tins.

WHITE AND GOLD LABEL.

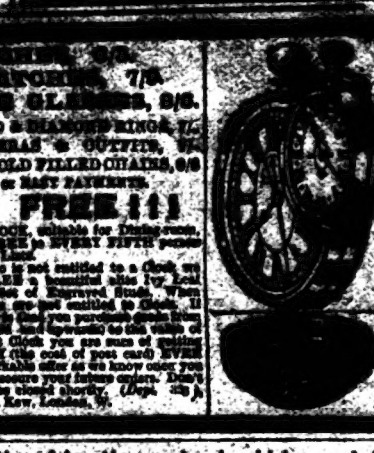
Little prices "talk" loudest.

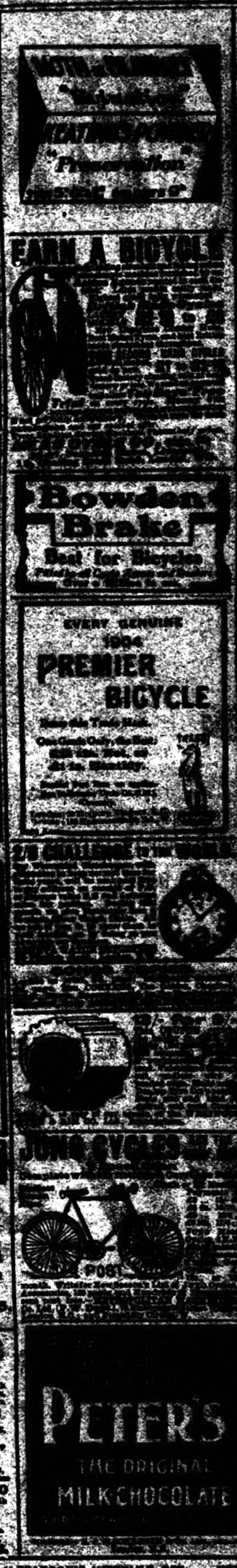
My low prices and the extraordinary good values I give for a small outlay, have helped me to make my business as great as it is—one of the largest in the Kingdom. I sell WATCHES, CLOCKS, CUTLERY, PLATE, RINGS, BROOCHES, &c., in vast quantities, and have demand of markets not possible to the ordinary retailer. These reasons and the fact that I honestly endeavour to sell as close to actual cost price as possible, explain why my goods are so exceptionally cheap and good value.

My famous 25/- HUNTER SOLID SILVER LEVER WATCH—shown here—is fully described on p. 12 of my BULLY BARGAIN BOOK, sent free and post free to the readers of this paper. The Book contains particulars—profusely illustrated—of thousands of attractive Bargain offers—it shows you how shillings go as far here as half-crowns elsewhere. Send to-day for this Book.

"I buy the 'Acme' Watch."

H. SAMUEL,





THE RAPID REVIEW contains the pick of all that's good in the way of News and Literature.

Now on sale. THE RAPID REVIEW for June. Sixpence.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

Now on sale. THE RAPID REVIEW for June. Sixpence.

No. 726. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 16, 1904. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

TAKING NO RISKS.

THE following matter-of-fact advertisement recently appeared:

"Wanted—A really plain, but experienced and efficient governess for three girls, eldest eighteen. Music, French, and German required; brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manners, and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home and there are grown-up sons. Address Mater."

DABNEY: "I'm taking life easier now; my debts are less troublesome."

Courtney: "Have you at last learnt not to incur bills?"

Dabney: "No; I've learnt not to worry about them."

IDA: "You look nervous, dear."

May: "Yes, I am sure Dick is going to propose when we get out on the links."

Ida: "What makes you think so?"

May: "Why, I heard Dick bribing the caddy to make out he was too ill to keep up with us."

THE GUIDE: "Well, here we are on the peak at last."

The Tourist: "Oh, guide! do you mean to say we can get no higher? Don't say that I can ascend no farther.

The Guide: "Well, you can climb up this alpenstock if you want to. It's seven feet long."

MACHINES TO WATCH SERVANTS.

THE mistress who possesses a "trick kitchen" is not sure to be a favourite among her servants. An elderly and inquisitive lady in America has a device that insures the good behaviour of her attendants, while the important work of the kitchen is afloat.

A photographic apparatus of intricate construction is fixed round the wall. This is hidden behind the panels, and at intervals are placed small doors.

By means of electrical connection, the members of the family in any of the upstairs rooms can cause one or all of the snap-doors to open, when photographic views are taken of the interior of the kitchen. The exposed plates disappear immediately, and others take their place.

With a kitchen so detective-like it behoves the maids to be trustworthy and industrious; and, as the lady pays good wages, change of staff is not frequent. Nevertheless, the girls do not favour the notion.

Perhaps a penny-in-the-slot kitchen is rather a novelty. We hear that an eagle-eyed mistress has two or three elaborate machines in which are stored the more expensive provisions, such as golden-leaf tea, French chocolate, and so on.

These, packed in boxes, each sufficient for a day's supply, are ranged in position like the familiar sweet-meat packages; and a penny in the aperture is required to release them.

The housemaid in charge is intrusted with a supply of coppers, the mistress keeping account, and emptying the machines twice weekly.

Believing that her servants used more than their allowance of supper beer, a skinflint had a tap specially made, which permitted an escape of two pints daily. As the new contrivance registered the day of the week each time the screw was turned, the girls could not treat their beaux to a friendly glass; and the first barrel lasted long enough to satisfy the exacting dame.

At the proposal of her sweetheart, a new housemaid resorted to the trick of boring a small hole in the cask, and inserting a straw, through which the young man imbibed freely. After the carousal the tiny hole was filled up with putty. No wonder the mistress marvelled at the rapid disappearance, especially as the patent tap had registered accurately throughout.

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AS IT USED TO BE.

The Tale of a Trusting Lover.

Still the old bridge stands where we last held hands,
And the old stream runs to the sea;
Still the sunlight falls on the meadowlands,
And the children play on the lea.
While the jasmine climbs up the old grey wall,
And over the open door;
Yet things seem different, one and all,
Now my love is here no more!
But I know he will soon come back to me,
My love who loves me so,
And all shall be as it used to be
In the golden long ago!

Still the gossips talk by the old well side,
And they speak, I fancy, of me,
For they say he'll come with a bonnie bride,
A lass from his own countrie.
But I only smile when their words I hear,
If less things can faithful be,
The birds and the flowers, why need I fear
That my love will change to me!
But I know he will soon come back to me,
My love who loves me so,
And all shall be as it used to be
In the golden long ago!

A MEASURE OF TIME.

THEY had been engaged only a few days, so the sensations were still comparatively new.

"Can't you stay a little longer?" she pleaded, as he gave indications of preparations to leave.

"Well, perhaps a very little longer," he said.

"How long?" she asked.

"About ten kisses," he replied.

WHY HE TOOK A BATH.

HE had taken a bath.

Weary Raggles, the frowsy, unkempt wanderer on the face of the earth, had at last taken a bath.

Never had he done such a thing before—as far back as he could remember.

But the fact remained. He had taken a bath.

As he took it, visions of his happy childhood rose up before his blue, bleared, blurred eyes, a childhood untainted by so bold a deed; but with an effort he choked the visions down and sternly resolved to follow out the plan he had outlined.

Besides, it was the only portable object in sight.

Then to sneak it from the yard, dispose of it for sixpence to a tinker, and to procure himself something to drink with the money was a small matter, even to that weary one.

HUSBAND: "How is it that women's club of yours keeps you out so much later than it used to?"

Wife: "Oh, we've made a new rule, that only one member can speak at a time."

"DON'T you think you'd better speak to papa to-night, George?" the girl suggested.

"He's just come in, hasn't he?" asked George.

"Yes."

"Well, I think I'll give him time to get his slippers on!"

MR. THIRD FLAT: "Great Scott! Who is that thumping the piano?"

Mrs. Third Flat: "Thumping indeed! Perhaps you'd be surprised to hear that Gladys is practising how to read music."

Mr. Third Flat: "Can't she learn without reading aloud?"

ANOTHER INSURANCE CLAIM PAID.

EACH copy of this paper is, as every reader knows, an insurance policy against fatal railway accident for £2,000 (in the event of a person being killed in an accident to the train in which he was travelling), and for £100 in the case of a person who dies as the result of a railway accident of any sort. The full conditions appear on the last page of this paper. Up to the present 484 claims have been paid by *Pearson's Weekly*, including one of £2,000, and one of £1,000.

We have now to announce the payment of a further sum of £100. The circumstances are as follows:

On May 10th last, Mr. J. F. Blennerhassett, of 1a Vernon Street, Clerkenwell, London, was killed on the railway between King's Cross and Gower Street Station. It appears that he fell out, or in some manner got through the door on the rail side instead of the platform side of a train going to Gower Street, and was run over by one travelling in the opposite direction. The deceased did not have a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* upon him at the time of the accident; it had been signed and left at home. He was a regular subscriber to *Pearson's Weekly*, and was in the habit of sending his old copies to the Royal Free Hospital.

A cheque, however, for £100 has been forwarded to the next of kin, and we hope to be able to furnish the receipt for the money in the next issue of *P.W.*

Full particulars of our insurance schemes will be found on the last page of this number.

DECIDEDLY ECLIPSED.

"WE can excel you in everything," boasted the American.

"I don't think you can," responded the Britisher.

"How about our get-rich-quick concerns? Have you any to equal them?"

"Certainly! How about our noblemen who marry American girls?"

MADGE: "Was she glad when he told her the old, old story?"

Marjorie: "Rather! Why, that girl had never heard it before."

"HE'S the kind of a man who courts danger, I understand."

"Well, I should say so. Why, he doesn't hesitate to open a flirtation with any young widow he meets."

CUSTOMER (at a bargain sale): "I don't see how you can afford to sell those gloves for one-and-sixpence a pair when they cost you half-a-crown."

Shop Walker: "That's easy. We get a commission from the surgeon who attends those who are injured in the crush."

SHE WASN'T NEAR.

THE lovely creature made a thin pretence at being angry.

The entrancing vision sitting on the other end of the divan yawned behind her fan.

"You can imagine my chagrin——"

The creature affected impatience.

"——when I found that he had a lock of my hair. How and when he got it——"

She gave a fairly correct imitation of perplexity.

"——is a mystery to me."

The vision smiled.

"Probably he got it some time——"

To the thoughtful student of human nature her manner might have seemed in a degree disingenuous.

"——when you were out of the room."

The creature turned the conversation to other and more congenial topics.

The June number of THE RAPID REVIEW is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

BABY AGGIE'S WAY.

By Martin H. Potter.

It was quite inexplicable to Baby Aggie's limited comprehension. She sprawled on the hearth-rug midway between the two malcontents, alternately transferring the steady gaze of her big grey eyes from sister Winnie to brother Bertie. She knew he wasn't really her brother at present, but had been given to understand, by means which were not quite clear, that he would be some day.

"You got headache?" she asked Winnie at last.

"Yes, dear."

It was not altogether a truthful reply.

"You got headache?"

This time the query was put to Bertie.

"No, pet; not headache."

"Tummy?" she asked gravely, a world of compassion in her tones.

He laughed in spite of himself, but a moment later gravely shook his head and answered:

"Heart!"

"Poor boy! Poor girl!"

Silence for a spell, and then Aggie once more broke out, this time seemingly in a fresh direction, but in reality still bearing on the enigma.

"Why you sit there? P'raps if you go and kiss sis, headache fly away."

Aggie couldn't understand why they should sit on either side of the fireplace; it was an absolute reversal of their usual position which was all part of the great puzzle—hence the suggestion.

"She doesn't want me, dear. She is tired of the kisses, tired of the old happy days—tired of it all. Shall we play 'Ring the bell, Watchman'?"

Aggie climbed to his knees.

"Ring the bell, Watchman," was an alluring pastime invented by this would-be brother, in which her long curls were made to do duty for the ropes of bells from which the musical clowns of the circus draw melody. She was amused for a bit, but somehow there was a jangle in the old hymn with which he accompanied his movements; and Baby Aggie was quick to notice the difference.

"You no want to play?" she said reproachfully, and, slipping from his knee, resumed her position on the rug, and her mystified stare from one to the other.

"P'raps you like to be a big bear?" she observed tentatively.

He shook his head despondently. "Not more than I am, kiddy." He was looking right over her now at the silent girl beyond, and there was sore bitterness in his tone as he continued:

"Nature thought fit to endow me with the ruggedness of the bear, and to pass me over when she allotted gifts to her other children. I cannot sing, play, dance, turn a pretty speech, or, in fact, do anything that I ought to do. I'm clumsy, awkward, uncouth, a fitting person indeed to expect to retain the affection of a maid dainty and pretty as a piece of Sèvres china, brimful of spirits and brightness.

"I don't blame you, Winnie." His voice insensibly grew gentler as he addressed her direct. "You did your best to keep your promise. I have watched your struggles day by day, and if you had not spoken I should. Even my obtuse perception was keen enough to gather that it was a penance for your hasty promise, and I meant to release you, only—well, it was such a tug that I couldn't muster up courage to make the effort and put it off from day to day, hating myself for my moral cowardice.

"Don't cry, dear. It isn't your fault, and, after all, it is better that we should have found out before it was too late to straighten the tangle out."

"Oh, Bertie, I feel so mean over it all!" Winnie broke forth. "Don't think that I am blind to all your good qualities. You must not abuse yourself, nobody could have been more kind and thoughtful; I have tried hard to repay it all in the way you wish, but, alas!—in vain.

"I could not come to you with a lie on my lips; I care for you too much in a different way for that, and you wouldn't wish it—would you, Bertie?"

"I am afraid I should not have analysed what brought you, dear, so long as you came," he rejoined sadly. "But don't worry about it, Winnie; you tried and failed. It was all a mistake—you wanted to please your father, and when you promised, it was only provisional upon my teaching you to love me. I didn't keep to my part of the compact, although, God knows, I tried; therefore you are justified in sending me about my business. I pay the penalty of my failure. That is only just and right, isn't it?"

So Bertie Treherne went forth, and the Beryl family knew him no more.

They all missed him; Colonel Beryl had nobody to whom he could dilate upon War Office iniquities. Winifred, although she could not entertain him as a lover, would have been well pleased to retain him in the family circle in a friendly capacity, but perhaps of the trio Baby Aggie was the most disconsolate.

He had occupied such a large portion of her world. Nurse certainly washed and dressed her, incidentally grumbling at torn pinafores; whilst Winifred heard her repeat what she remembered of the alphabet—not altogether a stupendous task this, as she usually got mixed when she reached "B" and absolutely broke down at "H"—but these were the disagreeables of life, not to be put in the same category as delightful romps and walks with Bertie, to say nothing of the little parcels of goodies and bright shillings he was wont to produce from mysterious pockets; although, to do her justice, she put the mercenary part of the question last when her baby brain weighed up all she had lost.

She couldn't fathom what it was that had robbed her of all these joys—Winnie only looked sad when questioned concerning the point, and put her off with vague, unsatisfying replies. Nurse, when tackled on the subject, remarked that:

"It was a great shame, and she only wished she had Miss Winifred's chance—such a nice gentleman as he was, and so well off, too."

All of which, although it did credit to nurse's taste, was a failure when considered in the light of an answer to Aggie's inquiries.

Daddy, when appealed to, could only say:

"That he was hanged if he knew what the twentieth century young woman wanted," and suggested that she should run away and play, and not bother him.

Which showed that Daddy was not in a good temper, but also wanted to have Bertie back.

The one clear thing was that in some way Bertie had forfeited the right to be a prospective brother through no fault of his own, and apparently much to the regret of everybody but Winnie.

Aggie sat down to wrestle with the problem, piecing it together in her brain as she did the disjointed picture bricks with her hands.

Previous to the trouble which had caused Bertie's departure there had been some talk of a mysterious ceremony called a marriage. She was by no means certain what a marriage meant, but it was evidently something which was necessary for Bertie's retention in the family, and likewise it could only be performed by a feminine member, or else Daddy, who certainly wanted Bertie to remain, would marry him himself. Consequently she must marry him—whatever that might mean. Something unpleasant, no doubt, or Winnie would not be so loth to go through with it after promising to do so.

Probably the taking of an enormous quantity of cod-liver oil was an essential part of the proceedings. She was led to think of this because cod-liver oil was the only woe which had hitherto blighted her young life.

But, still, bad as it was, the compensating advantages of having Bertie as a brother for ever were certainly worth it. She trusted he would not insist upon her taking too much, because, in her own language, "The taste waited a long time," but, still, she had always found that he was not over exacting; and since there was nobody else capable of sacrificing themselves she must be the victim.

It was cowardly of Winnie, though, for she was so much older and stronger.

I mentioned Baby Aggie's conception of matrimony to a rather crusty bachelor friend as a rich joke. To my surprise he took it quite seriously, and suggested that "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings comes wisdom."

He thought that cod-liver oil was an excellent simile, only it wasn't nauseous enough.

"There is no getting away from the taste of matrimony once you have taken a dose, my boy," he observed, "whereas, speaking from memory, a tablespoonful of golden syrup will work wonders with the worst after-palate effects of the liquid your little friend mentioned."

I didn't attempt to argue the point with him because past experience has taught me that the only person in the world who can mentally wrestle with a man of the "Catch me marrying, my boy," persuasion, and thoroughly convince him of the error of his ways, is the woman with whom he eventually falls in love.

However, to return to Baby Aggie, whom we left struggling in the throes of a great self-sacrificial resolve.

Her first difficulty was to convey the news to Bertie. She couldn't write to him, because it was impossible to concoct a love letter which only extended to "H"; although the illiterate specimens which one hears quoted in breach of promise cases might rouse doubt as to even that.

At any rate correspondence was barred to Aggie, and the only course open was a personal interview.

The Beryl *ménage* being necessarily run upon economical principles, Nurse had household duties to perform which prevented her from giving undivided attention to Aggie; consequently that young lady was allowed to play alone in the garden which abuts on the road, the distinct understanding being that she was not to go beyond the gate.

One morning, about a month after the departure of Bertie, she determined to put her resolve into execution and seek him out. She had qualms as to the wickedness of leaving the garden, but on mature consideration came to the conclusion that the end justified the means.

She knew the way to Bertie's house, which was about half an hour's walk through lonely country lanes, and set off boldly.

Some distance from home she came across a gipsy encampment which was in process of being dismantled, preparatory to a shift to fresh quarters.

She tried to toddle by unobserved, but a beetle-browed member of the party caught sight of her and naturally looked round for the adult whom he assumed was accompanying her. Seeing none he was seized with a wild idea.

Times had been bad with the band lately. Farmers and cottagers had been keeping a watchful eye on the hen-coops, and village lads and lassies exhibited no wild rush to have their fortunes told. This being so, what a stroke of genius it would be to steal the child and hold her up to ransom. He judged from her clothes that she had wealthy parents, and at the worst the "duds" would be worth a few shillings.

Filled with this thought, he accosted Aggie with what was meant to be an ingratiating smile.

"Where yer going, little miss?" he asked.

"To find my bruvver Bertie," responded baby. "You seen him?"

"No, I ain't seen 'im, but 'ow would yer like my Bill for a brother?" producing a grinning urchin for her inspection.

Aggie didn't like Bill a little bit. He was uncouth, unkempt, and about an eighth of Bertie's size. She wouldn't let her disgust get the better of her politeness, however, but surveyed the proffered relation gravely for a few minutes, and then remarked:

"Fank you very much, me would wather have Bertie." Then, fearing she might have hurt the boy's feelings, she added, like the tender-hearted kiddie she was:

"P'raps if your nurse wash you me would like you better."

She would have continued on her way, but the man made one stride, and, catching her in his arms, carried her inside the one tent which yet remained standing.

When Aggie came out of that tent she was outwardly an altered child. All her pretty things had disappeared, and in point of raiment and general grubbiness there was little to choose between Bill and herself.

Meanwhile there was terrible consternation at Colonel Beryl's. The baby's absence had been discovered about a quarter of an hour after she had passed out of the garden gate. At first they thought she must be somewhere in the house, and searched every nook and cranny, of course without success. Winnie was almost distraught with anxiety and worry.

She was returning from a search a little way along the lane in the opposite direction to which the gipsy encampment lay, when a horseman overtook her. She had asked for assistance and advice before she had recognised it was Bertie. He took in the situation and possible solution to the mystery of Aggie's absence at once.

"I wonder if the poor little beggar has gone to look for me? Don't worry, I shall soon overtake her if it is so."

He put his horse to the gallop, and Winnie followed on as quickly as she could, noticing in spite of her trouble what a fine figure he cut, and how well he rode.

Truth to tell, Winnie was beginning to think that she ha made a sad blunder in dismissing him.

Meanwhile Bertie had overtaken the gipsies.

"Seen anything of a little girl along this way?" he asked of the beetle-browed gentleman.

Beetle-brows had seen "ne'er a kid since they started out 'arf a hour before."

Bertie was riding on when he heard a cry from the caravan.

"What is that?" he asked suspiciously.

"That's my baby—suppose you wouldn't like to take 'im in the place of yer lost kid, would yer?" asked the man sullenly.

"I should like to see the inside of that caravan," Bertie answered quietly, a glimmering of the truth breaking across his mind.

"Oh, would yer? Well, yer can't, so there!"

Without any further argument Bertie brought his horse abreast of the caravan window and broke it open.

A doleful little voice said "Bruvver" from within, and in another minute he had Aggie in his arms.

Beetle-brows and a partner in iniquity showed fight, but if Bertie couldn't sing, dance, or play he could use his fists, as the two men discovered to their cost.

Winnie arrived on the scene as the finishing touches were being put to the abductors' discomfiture, and as she witnessed the scientific way in which Bertie, so to speak, polished them off, she was absolutely sure she *had* made a mistake.

She managed to make that quite clear to him as they carried Aggie home in some way best known to herself.

At any rate he was radiantly happy.

So was Baby Aggie when she understood that she would be able to retain Bertie as a "bruvver" without resorting to the awful expedient on which she had calculated.

Binks: "Hotel servants are very honourable in their treatment of one another."

Jinks: "How so?"

"As quickly as you tip one, he disappears, so as to give his comrades a chance."

"It is your aim, of course," said his intimate friend, "to make people think."

"No," replied the popular lecturer, in a burst of confidence, "my business is to make people think they think—or, rather, to make them think I think they think."

THAT FETCHED HER.

"In every house, Miss Powell," said young Mr. Benson, with some agitation, "there is a spare room. It is kept for the use of some honoured guest. In every heart, too"—and he laid his hand impulsively on his own—"there is a spare room——"

"Yes," she murmured dreamily.

"Miss Powell—Irene!" the young man exclaimed, choking down a large and expansive lump of rising sighs, "in my heart there is a spare room sacredly set apart for you."

"Only one, Mr. Benson!" she whispered.

"Do not mock me, Irene Powell! It shall be a whole suite if you like. More than that! You shall have the entire premises if you'll only say so, and if that isn't enough we'll tear down and build bigger."

"This spare room—this suite of rooms, Arthur," said the maiden softly, "that you are speaking of—how—how are they furnished?"

"In first-class modern style, Irene," replied the young man, with a business-like ring in his voice. "Uncle Bullion died last week."

"Say no more, Arthur," whispered the girl, as she pillowed her head over the young man's heart and listened to the wild thump! thump! that resounded through its spare chambers. "I'll take them."

"Whatever is that you have drawn, Master Jimmy?"

"Dat's a dragon and a pretty lady."

"But I don't see any lady."

"'Cos the dragon has eated the pretty lady up."

"That's Gilders. He's made a big pile."

"Yes, and there was a time when he had to depend on my brother Jack to bring up his children."

"Nonsense! When did that happen?"

"Often. The kids used to run in pretty frequently to their father's office, which was in the building where Jack was lift man."

Have you sent your contribution to the FRESH AIR FUND yet?

Governments that make Birds' Nests

Some of the Comicalities of Commerce.

One Author is Paid to Write Books for a Certain Firm Only.

And a Convict made a Fortune while in Prison.

A CURIOUS experience befell Mr. D. Douglas, the first maker of artificial legs, who died recently, leaving a fortune. One of Mr. Douglas' first orders after he obtained his patent in 1860 was for an artificial leg for a member of the Chinese Royal family, whose leg had been cut off by order of the Emperor.

Well-known firms in the umbrella trade can also recount dealings with barbarians. The making of gorgeous and fantastic state umbrellas for West African potentates, like the King of Adansi, in Ashanti, forms part of their regular business.

As turned out by one firm in New Oxford Street, some of these umbrellas measure fully ten feet across the top, and have fringes and tassels, and are topped by bronze lions, gold hens and chickens, and elephants cast in pure silver.

Mr. Albert D. Barboza, a negro living at Addah, on the Gold Coast, recently sent to a City dentist a letter written in the funniest English, with a grain of maize gummed on the paper.

Mr. Barboza wanted the dentist to make him four teeth the size of the grain of maize, and send them to the Gold Coast by return of post.

Buns for Mohammedans.

Enterprise as great was shown last Good Friday by an East End baker, named Kidley. His shop is near the docks, where Mohammedan customers abound, and, finding his customers objected to hot-cross buns by reason of religious scruples, Kidley promptly stamped part of his stock with the Prophet's crescent, when the buns were at once bought up by appreciative Moslem patrons.

Governments, however, as well as private traders, occasionally show commendable enterprise. The Swiss Government not only provides for the families of its officers and men who may be killed in war, but actually insures the entire army against accidents in time of peace. The Government pays the premiums to the insurance company.

The French War Office shows similar consideration. During the recent manœuvres, a company of military engineers built a bridge of trees across the river Moselle, at Quequementy. On the petition of the local civil authorities, the War Office have now decided to let the bridge remain for the future use of the inhabitants of the district.

Stuffed cats to scare birds.

Similarly the Dutch Government are about to place artificial birds' nests on the fir trees of their country, so as to favour the multiplication of insect-destroying birds. The Dutch Government are scarcely more enterprising, however, than a humble British farmer named Pope.

The birds—not the insects—are the trouble with Mr. Pope. He has, however, killed a number of cats, had them stuffed, and placed them in various attitudes among the branches of his fruit trees. The result, he declares, is excellent.

The rate for telegrams from Britain to Russia was, until recently, 5½d. a word. But the cost from Britain to Germany was 2d., and from Germany to Russia 2½d.—in all 4½d.

Some smart Germans saw their opportunity, and took it. They actually formed a company to take advantage of the slowness of the British Post Office by receiving British messages in Germany, and passing them on to Russia, at a reduction from the rate for direct messages, and yet at a profit to themselves.

How the water rate was collected.

Quite as ingenious, however, in its way, is the idea adopted by a recently formed British company, the Krinjabo Gold Mines, Limited, to prove to the public that it is an honest concern.

Each share certificate issued has appended coupons for payments of interest, and to each coupon is attached the right-hand or signature half of a Bank of England note for the proper amount.

As the interest falls due, the holder must present a coupon for payment, when the other half of the bank note will be delivered to him. This is a guarantee to the investor there is no gainsaying, as of course the half note retained by the company is of no use to them.

More amusing is the ingenuity exhibited by a certain London water company when a consumer gets behind with his water-rate, though it must be confessed that the amusement is entirely of the one-sided variety.

Promptly cutting off the consumer's supply, the company proceeds to call the attention of the local medical officer of health to the existence of "a nuisance" at the house.

The sanitary authorities, of course, insist upon the house having a proper service of water, and, as the company decline to turn on the supply until their account has been paid, the poor consumer has no alternative but to pay up. The water company thus ingeniously collects its account at the expense of the ratepayers, on the strength of "a nuisance" of its own creation.

Albert Smith, a motor-car driver, who was recently fined at Marlborough Street, for driving a car at twenty-five miles an hour in Hyde Park, told the magistrate of a curious contract he had made with his employer.

"The first time I am fined he will pay; the second time I pay; and the third time I get dismissed."

As Russian butter now finds its way into this country labelled "Best Danish," it is interesting to note some revelations that were recently made to the Moscow police as to its manufacture.

The managers of several factories raided there admitted that they used only ten per cent. of the "genuine" butter, imported from Siberia, and mixed it with offal, fat, and chemicals, to produce what they called "dairy butter."

On investigation, however, the ten per cent. of the supposed "genuine" butter proved to have had no connection with cows.

Getting rich in prison.

The Siberian exporter who had turned out such a cleverly concocted substance that it deceived even the Russian adulterators, certainly deserved a long term in a Siberian gaol, where he would have had little opportunity of following the example of Edward Stokes, the New York financier, who some years ago shot and killed "Jim" Fiske, the railway millionaire.

When Stokes went to Sing Sing prison to serve a term of two years' for manslaughter, he was in constant communication with his brokers, so that when his time was up his profits on the Stock Exchange exceeded £100,000.

Mr. Gerrare, whose book, "Greater Russia," was published recently, has been engaged for a long term by a manufacturing firm in Germany, who make a condition that he shall not contribute to any periodical or write books during his engagement.

The whole of the information acquired by Mr. Gerrare while on his travels has been purchased by his employers, for their own sole use as traders in the markets of the world.

STREETS WITH STRANGE NAMES.

Curious Titles Given to Roads and Passages.

AMONG the many strangely named streets in Strasburg perhaps the most singular is that called "Where the Fox preaches to the Ducks." There are also Water Soup Street (*Soupe à l'Eau*), Lung Street, Heaven Street and a host of others. Some of the names are quite ludicrous and owe their existence to a French official. When the French took Strasburg from the Germans in 1692 they ordered this man to translate all the names of streets from German into French. He knew German very imperfectly and the consequence was a series of burlesque names.

In London we have some quaint titles too. In Bermondsey a road running by the side of the river is called Pickle Herring Street. In Chelsea there is World's End Passage, near Gray's Inn a Cold Bath square, and everyone knows Poultry. Paternoster Row, Amen Corner and Ave Maria Lane have all kept their names since Roman Catholic times, hundreds of years ago, when the processions used to pass along chanting orisons. The principal street in Edinburgh is the famous Cowgate.

Brussels owns some curious streets. There are Short Street of the Long Chariot, the Street of One Person, so called because it is so narrow two people can hardly pass each other, and a road with a Flemish name of thirty-six letters, which being interpreted means the Street of the Uncracked Silver Cocoanut. In Boulogne there is the Street of the Lying Corner and the road of Last Halfpenny. On the official list of the town of Tulle there is a thoroughfare entered as *Rue Sans Nom*, or Nameless Street.

At Marseilles you will find "the Street Paved with Love," and in Nancy the "Place of the Moor Blowing a Trumpet," though for many years *Maure* (Moor) and *Mort* (death) were confused, and it was known by the less cheerful name of Death Blowing a Trumpet.

The Street of the Sucking Pig is at Chalons, and in Ravenna is a road with a very lengthy and grotesque name, the Street of the Fortification round the Lost Sheep.

There is a nest of quite small streets at Geneva, near one of the principal churches, named Heaven Street, Hell Street, Purgatory Street and Limbo Street. Nor must we forget "the Street which is called Straight" in the Holy Land.

CLOSING IN A FEW WEEKS.

£500 IN HARD CASH.

Great Letter Juggling Contest.

FIRST PRIZE, **£250** SECOND PRIZE, **£100** THIRD PRIZE, **£50**

AND 100 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

The conditions under which these prizes may be won appeared in "Pearson's Weekly" dated March 17th, and will appear again before the Competition closes.

Below you will find twelve sets of letters, numbered from 241 to 252. In regard to each set, what you have to do is to find the longest word entirely composed of the letters in that set, *not necessarily using all the letters, and not using any letter more times than it appears*. In each case, you must write (in ink), in the space left for that purpose, the longest word you can make. The word containing the greatest number of letters will be the correct solution. If two or more such words of the same length can be made from a set of letters it is only necessary to put down one of these words, as any one of them will be counted correct. Only one word may be written on each line. When you have filled up the list, cut it out and keep it by you.

Only those words found in heavy type in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary (any Edition from 1901 to 1903), between pages 1 and 771 inclusive, will be allowed.

No inquiries regarding the Competition can be answered either personally or through the post. If a point of sufficient general interest is raised it will be dealt with on the competition page, and will be regarded as a condition.

TWENTY-FIRST LIST.

Example:
EGGJLUZ: JUGGLE (The E is here an unnecessary letter and is ignored).

241. ADEEMNOPSU.....	247. EFFLMNOOU.....
242. AAAEINRR.....	248. ACEIMNRRU.....
243. AEFGILOR.....	249. CCCHIKOPST.....
244. AABDEEGJRU.....	250. ACENRTUYY.....
245. AGOOPRTT.....	251. CDEEFNRSTU.....
246. DEEHLPSSTW.....	252. AEEGILNORTV.....

Name..... Address.....

.....

The first twenty lists may be obtained through any newsvendor, or for 2s. 2d. post free from the Publisher, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. The twenty-second list will appear next week.

The June number of THE RAPID REVIEW is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

SCOTLAND'S KILT.

Who Invented the Kilt? (7036.)

Some say that the kilt was the outcome of sumptuary laws enacted during the reigns of Mary, and of her son James VI. of Scotland and I. of England. These laws more or less directly suppressed the ancient tunic, which fell from the shoulders to below the knees, and had, in the remoter parts of Great Britain and Ireland, formed the outer dress of men from Roman times. When this was condemned, the wearers evaded the law by dividing the tunic at the waist, the upper part becoming a doublet, and the lower the kilt.

The kilt, however, must have been of earlier date, for it is shown as a separate garment, neatly quilted from waist to knee, on many mediæval crosses and memorial slabs, including those at Kilkerran and Kilmorie, which date from before 1500.

It is from this plaiting, or "quilting," that it takes its name; and, no doubt, the sumptuary regulations promoted its general adoption.

BORROWED DAYS.

What were the Borrowed Days? (7037.)

According to a Scottish fireside rhyme, alluded to by Sir Thomas Brown, in his "Vulgar Errors," three days were borrowed by March from April, with a view to the destruction of some sheep; but the popular fiction of the Borrowed Days is really of older date.

In the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed in 1548, we find: "There eftir i entrit in ane grene forest, to contempill the tender yong frutes, becaus the borial blastis of the *three borouing dais of Marche* hed chalsit fragrant flureise of *evyrie* frut-tree far athourt the fieldis."

The origin and meaning of the expression is obscure. It may probably be founded upon that relapse into wintry weather which is often noticed at the close of March, and which seems to snatch a few days from the promise of opening Spring. A similar fancy has prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland in connection with the two first months of the year.

THREE-THREAD ENTIRE.

What is the Origin of the Brewer's Term "Entire"? (7038.)

In the early days of the eighteenth century there were three classes of malt liquors—ale, beer, and twopenny. Sometimes the drinkers of these beverages would prefer a combination of flavours, and ask for half and half—that is, a mixture of any two of them. Others, again, who were harder to please, would call for a pot of "three threads," or three-thirds—that is, one third of ale, one third of beer, and one third of twopenny, which had to be drawn from three different casks.

A brewer of the name of Ralph Harwood, of High Street, Shoreditch, conceived the idea of making a beverage which should combine the united flavours and virtues of ale, beer, and twopenny, and brewed a drink which he called "Entire," or "Entire Butt."

The use of the word arose from this combination of liquor, and as the blend proved palatable, other brewers produced a drink to match it, which is entirely drawn from one cask.

The term was applied about 1722 to a malt liquor similar to our modern porter.

HACKNEY COACHES.

When and Where was the First Cab Stand? (7039.)

In a letter dated April 1st, 1639, Mr. Garrard, writing to the Earl of Strafford, says: "Here is one Captain Baily; he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives in London, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four Hackney-coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had.

"Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and performed their journeys at the same rate, so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down."

Citizen shopkeepers bitterly complained of this, saying:

"Formerly when ladies and gentlemen walked in the streets there was a chance of customers, but now they whisk past in the coaches, before our apprentices have time to cry out, 'What d'ye lack?'"

The word cab, a contraction of cabriolet, was not used until 1823.

WHAT IS A HENCHMAN?

Whence Comes the Word "Henchman"? (7040.)

Skeat derives the word henchman from *hengstman* (Anglo-Saxon), horse-man, groom. It is probable that henchmen were in the first instance young nobles, who at State ceremonies attended on the king as mounted pages.

History speaks of these henchmen in this capacity, for we read that Henry VI. had three, and Edward IV. six of them. We find, too, that they were mentioned in the Royal ceremonies as belonging "to the riding household," and took part in tournaments.

The last time "henchman" is mentioned in connection with the Court is in the reign of Henry VIII., and gradually it came to mean an ordinary page. The word is used by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare in this sense.

In Notes and Queries of April 6th, 1861, a Mr. W. Henchman claims that his family took their name from words spoken by Henry VII. to an ancestor in the hunting field, who had ridden as his page throughout an arduous day: "Crossborough," cried the king, "thou art a veritable henchman!"

WHY CALLED PICNIC?

Why is a Picnic so Called? (7041.)

The derivation of the word picnic is uncertain. In Notes and Queries of 1863, attempts were made to trace its origin.

One correspondent says: "Under a French form the word appears in a speech of Robespierre: 'C'est ici qu'il doit m'accuser, et non dans les *piques-niques*.' An earlier instance occurs in one of Lord Chesterfield's letters, dated October, 1748."

Another writer of the same date tries to trace the word through France into Italy. Starting with the assumption that *pique-nique* in French implies a party at which each guest provides some particular dish, or performs some special duty, he finds the Italian expressions *nicchia*, duty, and *piccola*, a trifling service, and from these he coins *piccola nicchia*, pic-nic.

A French Encyclopædia (1843) has it that the word is compounded of the simple English pick, to choose, and nick, in the nick of time, on the spur of the moment. In France the term is also used for indoor picnics.

SUBMERGED COAL.

Does Coal Degenerate Under Water? (7042.)

Tests made recently at Newport show that coal is not injured by water. Three samples were taken, one which had been three years, one which had been ten years, and one—from ancient wreckage—which had been for an indefinite period under water. These were tried against the best fresh wrought Monmouthshire coal, with the result that the "wrecked" coal came out four per cent., and the ten year submerged coal almost two per cent. better than the fresh wrought, whilst what had been only three years under water was one and a half per cent. worse. These experiments were carried out by the manager of the Alexandra Docks Company, with a view to induce the Admiralty to arrange for the subaqueous storage of coal at Naval stations.

According to a finding in 1898 by the Lord Chief Justice, in a case in which the point arose, the value of coal for use as steam coal, is reduced fifteen per cent. by even a short submergence. The probability, then, is that ordinary coal is affected injuriously, although some peculiar qualities, such as those at Newport, may benefit.

CYCLONES AND HURRICANES.

How does a Cyclone Differ from a Hurricane? (7042.)

The term cyclone is applied to a tornado of limited diameter and destructive violence. All storms, therefore, in which the wind has a circulating movement about a central area of low barometric pressure, may properly be termed cyclones.

Cyclones occur most frequently in those parts of the world which are subject to monsoons, and take place at those seasons when the monsoons are changing. They sometimes extend over many thousands of square miles.

Tropical storms are known in the West Indies as hurricanes. These violent wind storms are of a diameter of from 50 to 1,000 miles, wherein the air moves with a velocity of from eighty to one hundred and thirty miles an hour round the central calm.

Hence this term is applied to any storm or tempest in which the wind blows with terrific violence. In the Philippine Islands, and on the south-eastern coast of Asia, such tropical storms are known as typhoons. The general disturbances of the middle latitudes are usually referred to as simply storms, or areas of low barometric pressure.

EARLY BRIDGE BUILDING.

Which was the Earliest Suspension Bridge? (7043.)

Suspension bridges, some of them of considerable length, were common in Peru in the days of the Incas. They were formed of cables of twisted osiers, passed over wooden supports, and stretched from bank to bank; then bound together with smaller ropes, and covered with bamboos.

The road from Cuzco to Quito is still noted for frail bridges of this sort, which are in constant use and span deep chasms.

The Chinese, also, according to Kircher, have for centuries been familiar with the "suspension" theory, and have constructed chain-bridges, in which the weight of the roadway is supported by the tension of the chains.

The first iron suspension bridge in Europe was built over the Tees, near Middleton, in 1741, for the use of miners. Two chains were stretched in a straight line, steadied by ties from the banks below; and the roadway, for foot-passengers, was supported by the chains.

The modern suspension system practically dates from 1816, when bridges—both over 100 ft. in length—were successfully completed at Galashiels and Peebles.

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Compiled by C. E. Clark.

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QUESTIONS.

7091. Who first predicted an eclipse?
7092. What is the longest flight of a carrier pigeon?
7093. Which is the most sluggish river in the world?
7094. What is the history of envelopes?
7095. Do horses ever catch fish?
7096. Are there lost secrets in the art of making stained glass?
7097. What is the derivation of the word "blackguard"?
7098. Can seeds be said to be living?
7099. Is there twilight at the Equator?
7100. Why are there no tides in the Mediterranean?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same writer may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"So you really think that dogs sometimes possess more intelligence than their masters?"

"Certainly. I've got one myself that does!"

Sue: "He says he loves me; yet he has only known me two days."

Her Friend: "Well, perhaps that's the reason, dear."

"Did he marry the girl who could paint things on crockery ware?"

"No, he married one who could cook things to put into crockery ware."

Mattie: "Loss of sleep, you know, means loss of beauty."

Helen: "Indeed! How long have you been troubled with insomnia?"

Sue: "The next time you come I will show you my new bicycle."

He: "When do you expect to get it?"

She: "In about six months."

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Wants that are Hard to Fill.

The Germans Can't Find an Equivalent for our Word "Cakes."

While a Doctor Wishes to be Vivisected.

It is very curious that there is no vehicle in the streets of London which is suited for old and feeble people, and yet one that is both light and rapid. In fact a new cab is wanted badly.

The existing hansom is highly inconvenient and is certainly very risky, while for an old person it is a most difficult matter to get in or out of it. This is where London lags behind Paris and St. Petersburg.

A Paris fiacre, or a Russian phaeton—that is to say, a light victoria—is highly superior to the existing cabs to be found in London. Not only are they comfortable, but they are also easy to enter and to leave. The greatest advantage of all is that if the horse does fall neither the fare nor the driver runs any risk.

It is said that our farriers lag behind those of Continental Europe in many matters. The perfect way of shoeing a horse is yet to be discovered, although it seems that there are 115 ways of shoeing a horse as practised in the different armies in Europe.

The chief farrier of the 14th Dragoons of the French Army, A. M. Grosset, spent nearly the whole of his spare time in obtaining specimens in order to constitute illustrations of these methods. When he died a short time ago he presented the whole of his collection to the French Minister of War.

Heliotropic houses wanted.

Our houses, too, are by no means perfect. What is needed is a heliotropic house. A heliotropic house is one that does exactly as heliotropic plants do, that is, in other words, it always presents the same façade to the sun from dawn till dusk.

The heliotropic house is a revolving house designed by Dr. Pellegrin and M. Pettit, a well-known Parisian architect. It can be turned either by hand or by means of a motor; the movement is so slow that the inmates can hardly perceive it.

People on the Continent are deeply agitated over the provision of a new word for the important English word "cakes." In fact a firm of biscuit manufacturers, at Bielefeld, in Germany, has offered a prize of £50 for the best German equivalent. The translation of "cakes" has baffled all previous attempts.

In this respect "cakes" stands on a level with the English words "home" and "kick." The Frenchman can only express the word kick by means of the cumbrous expression "to give a blow with the foot."

No word to include the Irish.

A very keen discussion is raging in New York as to the name that should be given in order to express the individuality of the citizens of the United States. The word "Unistatists" has been suggested, but this is considered far too long and cumbersome, as is also the case with "Unitedos," another suggestion.

It is a curious fact that there is no word to express the inhabitants of the United Kingdom either. The word British excludes Ireland of course. What is wanted is a word that will express the British and Irish. Another word is required that will give a name to the other parts of the British Empire excluding the United Kingdom.

One of the most curious wants ever formulated was that for a lady's bicycle to carry eighteen stone. This was wanted for Apolo, the Chancellor, or Prime Minister, of Uganda.

Apolo is the most interesting personality in Mengo, and is a well built negro fully 6ft. 2in. in height. He has the distinction of being the first native who has written original books, the first who has ridden a horse, the first to possess a wheeled carriage, the first to use a bicycle, and the first of the great chiefs to visit England.

Doctor wants to be vivisected.

Owing to the long robe he wears he is unable to ride a man's bicycle, so it was that he sent an order to England for "a lady's bicycle to carry eighteen stone."

A well-known physician, Dr. Russell, of Brooklyn, has one of the most peculiar wants ever enunciated. He wants to be vivisected. He has invited physicians and surgeons to use his body for vivisection for a period of one year, or until he should succumb before the expiration of that time.

He says that after mature consideration he has come to the conclusion that he owes this sacrifice to humanity. One reason is that anti-vivisectionists continually raise the cry that vivisection is needless and cruel, and Dr. Russell wishes to prove to them that he will submit to the use of the knife on his own body just as willingly as he would wield it himself. However, the District Attorney has issued a warning that anybody accepting the challenge will render himself liable to a charge of manslaughter in case the operation proves fatal.

Any person who wanted to buy coal at Watertown, New York, had to obtain a doctor's certificate not long ago. This was because coal was so scarce. The heads of households had to obtain a certificate saying that it was a necessity before the dealers would supply it.

A peculiar want is that of an old man who applied at the Tottenham Police-court a short time ago. He wanted a summons against another man for an assault which occurred sixty years ago. He was somewhat astonished when the magistrate said, "We can't do that."

Marcus Lorenzzo, an Italian painter, who flourished in the last century, wanted to purchase human skin. As a matter of fact on one occasion he paid 200 francs (£8) for a piece of human skin no larger than a dinner-plate. Upon this he executed a landscape in oils. When he was doing this kind of work the skin was chemically prepared to receive the paint.

The human parchment was then tightly drawn over a metal frame, and the artist spent several months in producing a painting which was afterwards exhibited in the various salons. One that he had painted upon the skin from the back of an aged woman ultimately realised the sum of 84,000 francs (£3,360).

At a meeting of the Edmonton Board of Guardians, the master said that it was difficult to secure a person qualified for the position of second labour master at that workhouse. He said that the candidate must know something about farming, he must know how to milk a cow, plough, mow, stack hay, and be able to teach in the Sunday school, and his duties include blowing the organ on Sundays.

It is certain that they want a man of many parts, but the porter of the Mere workhouse, one would think, would be an excellent person for this position. He gets £14 per annum from the Guardians, and when he asked them if they could not give him a slight increase he couched his letter in the following terms:

> I am gate porter, storekeeper, caterer, brass polisher, assistant gardener, assistant nurse, mortuary attendant, tramp and labour master, fumigator, barber, messenger, ladies' hair-dresser, etc. I have just balanced my small accounts for the twelve months, and find, after buying underclothing, outerclothing, and other necessaries for the purpose of making myself presentable enough to attend the gate, board room, and church with the inmates, that I am minus the means to have a little relaxation from the monotony of workhouse life.

As a result of the handy-man's appeal he obtained an addition of £2 a year to his wages.

BY THE SEA.

To cure a mind's debility
I wandered idly by the sea,
Where briny breezes brought to me
A pensive-like tranquillity.
But when returning energy
Betokened my recovery,
Tired of the waves' sad elegy,
I looked and longed for novelty.

I sought, with some anxiety,
To give myself variety—
To ease my soul's satiety
By feminine society.
I sought a girl of quality,
Good looks, and harmless jollity,
But whose eligibility
Was chiefly visibility.

She came, she saw, she conquered me
With sparkling affability,
With charming versatility
And mental flexibility.
She showed such grave sagacity,
Mixed up with her audacity,
'Twas not in my capacity
To doubt the maid's veracity.

I wooed till accidentally
I heard she'd jilted two or three
Young men who'd loved her dangingly,
To be cast off unsparingly.
'Twas then I thought, oh! verily,
This child must walk most warily,
But with great inconsistency
The fickle lassie—married me!

TELLER: "Pullem is a man you don't meet every day."

Grimshaw: "He is a man I don't meet at all; he owes me five pounds."

MR. TROOMER: "Where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it."

His Bride (sweetly): "You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I have sent it to the laundry."

SMITH (newly married): "Don't you think we had better lay aside something for a rainy day?"

Young Wife: "Charley, dear, I am so glad you said that. While I was out shopping this morning I bought two lovely silk umbrellas, one for you and one for me."

"WEEK-ENDERS" WHO WORRY RAILWAYS.

Some Dodges by which Travelling is done on the Cheap.

EVERY week scores of tickets are booked to places which the purchaser has not the slightest intention of visiting.

There is at least one gentleman who, every Friday night during the summer, enters the train at Paddington and asks if it is for Weston-super-Mare—showing a "week-end ticket" to that watering-place.

He is probably told "change at Bristol." Quite so. That is just what he proposes to do. He will "change" at Bristol, but not to re-enter any train for Weston-super-Mare. The former city is the place he intends visiting, and, the station there being open, nothing is to prevent his free exit into the town.

For Weston-super-Mare is a seaside resort to which a week-end ticket at half-price is issued, but Bristol, not being a pleasure resort, has no such privilege. The business man travelling there is expected to pay his full fare.

This does not please many business men, who have accordingly reduced the art of manipulating the week-end ticket to an exact science.

The Weston-Bristol case is only one of a great many. There are very few large towns which have not within ten miles' radius some kind of holiday resort to which cheap tickets are issued.

Birmingham, for instance, possesses one of these places—namely, Barnt Green—to which a return ticket is issued at half price. It is a village some thirteen stations beyond New Street, Birmingham, on the line to Redditch, and is probably the only suburb of "Brum" enjoying a reputation as a holiday resort.

Travellers to Birmingham from London at week-ends avail themselves of this ticket, and as they must pass through New Street to get to their alleged stopping-place, nothing is to prevent them alighting there and disappearing altogether until the following Monday morning, spending the meantime in Birmingham.

In the same way, quite a large number of people supposedly leave London weekly for Tynemouth, but never on any account get beyond Newcastle-on-Tyne. The former place is on the week-end list, but the latter is not.

This gentle deception has now become quite a vogue, and many commercial men, when meditating a trip from London to a northern centre, invariably book themselves to some such adjoining resort to save the double fare.

Another much-favoured dodge—a less innocent one—is the following:

Mr. Brown wishes to do some business in Manchester or Leeds one day next week. He will write to his friend Mr. Jones, asking him to kindly find out what excursions are leaving these towns for London during the week.

Having found out that there is one on the Wednesday, Mr. Jones books a ticket a day or two beforehand, and posts it at once to Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown annexes the return half, and blandly travels to Manchester or Leeds by it for half the ordinary single fare. Another excursion is certain to be leaving for London within a week, and Mr. Brown books himself to return by it, thus saving anything from ten shillings upwards.

One commercial traveller, who deals chiefly with Bristol and Birmingham, told *P.W.* of his ingenious method of killing the two birds with one stone—or rather two towns with one ticket.

The Midland Company issues a ticket to Bristol at the same rate as the Great Western. It would not, however, suit the ordinary traveller, as to get via the Midland to Bristol necessitates travelling through Birmingham—or nearly twice the distance. It suits our Birmingham-Bristol commercial admirably, however.

He books from St. Pancras for Bristol by the earliest morning train, alights at Birmingham, spends the greater part of the day there, jumps into the Birmingham-Bristol train in the evening, arriving at the latter city for his second transaction, having accomplished the journey to both towns at half what he would have paid had he done the proper thing.

These devices, it should be added, are not "doing" the railway companies at all. The only rule violated is that of "breaking the journey," and as the stations at these big towns are unguarded by ticket collectors, the delinquent is able to do so unmolested.

KNOW YOUR OWN CHARACTER.

YOU can obtain a reliable delineation of your character, from which valuable information may be gained, by sending a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope to RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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AND HURRICANES.

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RIDGE BUILDING.

spension Bridge? (7045.)

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. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

Wants that are Hard to Fill.

The Germans Can't Find an Equivalent for our Word "Cakes."

While a Doctor Wishes to be Vivisected.

It is very curious that there is no vehicle in the streets of London which is suited for old and feeble people, and yet one that is both light and rapid. In fact a new cab is wanted badly.

The existing hansom is highly inconvenient and is certainly very risky, while for an old person it is a most difficult matter to get in or out of it. This is where London lags behind Paris and St. Petersburg.

A Paris fiacre, or a Russian phaeton—that is to say, a light victoria—is highly superior to the existing cabs to be found in London. Not only are they comfortable, but they are also easy to enter and to leave. The greatest advantage of all is that if the horse does fall neither the fare nor the driver runs any risk.

It is said that our farriers lag behind those of Continental Europe in many matters. The perfect way of shoeing a horse is yet to be discovered, although it seems that there are 115 ways of shoeing a horse as practised in the different armies in Europe.

The chief farrier of the 14th Dragoons of the French Army, A. M. Grosset, spent nearly the whole of his spare time in obtaining specimens in order to constitute illustrations of these methods. When he died a short time ago he presented the whole of his collection to the French Minister of War.

Heliotropic houses wanted.

Our houses, too, are by no means perfect. What is needed is a heliotropic house. A heliotropic house is one that does exactly as heliotropic plants do, that is, in other words, it always presents the same façade to the sun from dawn till dusk.

The heliotropic house is a revolving house designed by Dr. Pellegrin and M. Pettit, a well-known Parisian architect. It can be turned either by hand or by means of a motor; the movement is so slow that the inmates can hardly perceive it.

People on the Continent are deeply agitated over the provision of a new word for the important English word "cakes." In fact a firm of biscuit manufacturers, at Bielefeld, in Germany, has offered a prize of £50 for the best German equivalent. The translation of "cakes" has baffled all previous attempts.

In this respect "cakes" stands on a level with the English words "home" and "kick." The Frenchman can only express the word kick by means of the cumbrous expression "to give a blow with the foot."

No word to include the Irish.

A very keen discussion is raging in New York as to the name that should be given in order to express the individuality of the citizens of the United States. The word "Unistatists" has been suggested, but this is considered far too long and cumbersome, as is also the case with "Unitedos," another suggestion.

It is a curious fact that there is no word to express the inhabitants of the United Kingdom either. The word British excludes Ireland of course. What is wanted is a word that will express the British and Irish. Another word is required that will give a name to the other parts of the British Empire excluding the United Kingdom.

One of the most curious wants ever formulated was that for a lady's bicycle to carry eighteen stone. This was wanted for Apolo, the Chancellor, or Prime Minister, of Uganda.

Apolo is the most interesting personality in Mengo, and is a well built negro fully 6ft. 2in. in height. He has the distinction of being the first native who has written original books, the first who has ridden a horse, the first to possess a wheeled carriage, the first to use a bicycle, and the first of the great chiefs to visit England.

Doctor wants to be vivisected.

Owing to the long robe he wears he is unable to ride a man's bicycle, so it was that he sent an order to England for "a lady's bicycle to carry eighteen stone."

A well-known physician, Dr. Russell, of Brooklyn, has one of the most peculiar wants ever enunciated. He wants to be vivisected. He has invited physicians and surgeons to use his body for vivisection for a period of one year, or until he should succumb before the expiration of that time.

He says that after mature consideration he has come to the conclusion that he owes this sacrifice to humanity. One reason is that anti-vivisectionists continually raise the cry that vivisection is needless and cruel, and Dr. Russell wishes to prove to them that he will submit to the use of the knife on his own body just as willingly as he would wield it himself. However, the District Attorney has issued a warning that anybody accepting the challenge will render himself liable to a charge of manslaughter in case the operation proves fatal.

Any person who wanted to buy coal at Watertown, New York, had to obtain a doctor's certificate not long ago. This was because coal was so scarce. The heads of households had to obtain a certificate saying that it was a necessity before the dealers would supply it.

A peculiar want is that of an old man who applied at the Tottenham Police-court a short time ago. He wanted a summons against another man for an assault which occurred sixty years ago. He was somewhat astonished when the magistrate said, "We can't do that."

Marcus Lorenzzo, an Italian painter, who flourished in the last century, wanted to purchase human skin. As a matter of fact on one occasion he paid 200 francs (£8) for a piece of human skin no larger than a dinner-plate. Upon this he executed a landscape in oils. When he was doing this kind of work the skin was chemically prepared to receive the paint.

The human parchment was then tightly drawn over a metal frame, and the artist spent several months in producing a painting which was afterwards exhibited in the various salons. One that he had painted upon the skin from the back of an aged woman ultimately realised the sum of 84,000 francs (£3,360).

At a meeting of the Edmonton Board of Guardians, the master said that it was difficult to secure a person qualified for the position of second labour master at that workhouse. He said that the candidate must know something about farming, he must know how to milk a cow, plough, mow, stack hay, and be able to teach in the Sunday school, and his duties include blowing the organ on Sundays.

It is certain that they want a man of many parts, but the porter of the Mere workhouse, one would think, would be an excellent person for this position. He gets £14 per annum from the Guardians, and when he asked them if they could not give him a slight increase he couched his letter in the following terms:

> I am gate porter, storekeeper, caterer, brass polisher, assistant gardener, assistant nurse, mortuary attendant, tramp and labour master, fumigator, barber, messenger, ladies' hair-dresser, etc. I have just balanced my small accounts for the twelve months, and find, after buying underclothing, outerclothing, and other necessaries for the purpose of making myself presentable enough to attend the gate, board room, and church with the inmates, that I am minus the means to have a little relaxation from the monotony of workhouse life.

As a result of the handy-man's appeal he obtained an addition of £2 a year to his wages.

BY THE SEA.

To cure a mind's debility
I wandered idly by the sea,
Where briny breezes brought to me
A pensive-like tranquillity.
But when returning energy
Betokened my recovery,
Tired of the waves' sad elegy,
I looked and longed for novelty.

I sought, with some anxiety,
To give myself variety—
To ease my soul's satiety
By feminine society.
I sought a girl of quality,
Good looks, and harmless jollity,
But whose eligibility
Was chiefly risibility.

She came, she saw, she conquered me
With sparkling affability,
With charming versatility
And mental flexibility.
She showed such grave sagacity,
Mixed up with her audacity,
'Twas not in my capacity
To doubt the maid's veracity.

I wooed till accidentally
I heard she'd jilted two or three
Young men who'd loved her daringly,
To be cast off unsparingly.
'Twas then I thought, oh! verily,
This child must walk most warily,
But with great inconsistency
The fickle lassie—married me!

TELLER: "Pullem is a man you don't meet every day."

Grimshaw: "He is a man I don't meet at all; he owes me five pounds."

MR. TROOMER: "Where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it."

His Bride (sweetly): "You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I have sent it to the laundry."

SMITH (newly married): "Don't you think we had better lay aside something for a rainy day?"

Young Wife: "Charley, dear, I am so glad you said that. While I was out shopping this morning I bought two lovely silk umbrellas, one for you and one for me."

"WEEK-ENDERS" WHO WOR
RAILWAYS.

Some Dodges by which Travelling is done Cheap.

EVERY week scores of tickets are booked t
which the purchaser has not the slightest inte
visiting.

There is at least one gentleman who, every
night during the summer, enters the train at Pad
and asks if it is for Weston-super-Mare—sh
"week-end ticket" to that watering-place.

He is probably told "change at Bristol." C
That is just what he proposes to do. He will "
at Bristol, but not to re-enter any train for
super-Mare. The former city is the place he
visiting, and, the station there being open, not
to prevent his free exit into the town.

For Weston-super-Mare is a seaside resort to
week-end ticket at half-price is issued, but Bri
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business man travelling there is expected to pay
fare.

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enjoying a reputation as a holiday resort.

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pass through New Street to get to their
stopping-place, nothing is to prevent them al
there and disappearing altogether until the fo
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Looking after the Savings.
In Germany, working men are visited at their homes on pay-days by savings-bank officials to collect their savings for banking.

Police Go On Strike.
At Neuhausl, in Hungary, the police have struck work on the ground that their number is not sufficient, their pay too small, and the superintendent too exacting.

Radium in Clay.
Experiments made recently have shown that radium exists in appreciable quantities in the large bed of Oxford clay which extends over a great area in Huntingdonshire.

Wireless Debt Collecting.
A passenger on an American liner left New York leaving a £20 bill unpaid. The steamship company paid the debt by wireless telegraphy, and collected the amount from the passenger on the ship.

Men only Allowed.
Maiwatchin, on the borders of Russia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia.

A Mysterious Lake.
The Eichener See, near Schopfheim, in the Black Forest, which has not been seen since 1901, has reappeared. It is believed that the subterranean waters which feed the lake and lead to its occasional appearance are produced by the melting of the snow.

Government Collects Jokes.
The Missouri State Historical Society is collecting a vast number of ancient jokes, puns, humorous anecdotes, and the like to show the world how very little humour has progressed since earlier days. The ancient jokes are to be issued as a Government publication.

Sent for Trial for 2d.
The Yeovil county magistrates have committed a carter named Higgins, of Montacute, for trial on a charge of stealing wood faggots worth 2d. Higgins said he took these faggots to make tea for a child who was ill. He earns 12s. a week, and has a wife and four children.

Typing versus Penmanship.
An experimental contest was recently carried out between a skilful typine and an expert penman, the test being the number of times a phrase of eight words could be reproduced in five minutes. The typine proved much the more rapid, scoring thirty-seven while the penman scored only twenty-three.

Tropical Gold Mine.
There is a gold mine in Australia which is three thousand feet deep, and the various tunnels are so hot that cold water has to be continually sprayed over the miners working the lode. The temperature is usually about 108deg., and the men have to work almost naked in order to stand the heat.

A Music Lending Library.
There is shortly to be started in London a music lending library on lines similar to those that have been worked so successfully for literature. Subscribers will be able to see the latest music, and try it over at their leisure. All the standard scores in best editions, as well as the latest publications, are to be catalogued.

How to Catch Crows.
In order to catch crows, which do so much damage to the growing crops, Italian farmers have taken to placing small pieces of meat in conical-shaped paper bags and smearing the inside of these bags with glue. When the bird puts his head in and finds himself blindfolded, he flies upward to an immense height, but falls near his starting-place.

What You Are Made Of.
It has been shown by analysis that a young person weighing 154lb. is composed of 90lb. of water, 3lb. of white of egg, a little less than 1lb. of pure glue, 34½lb. of fat, 8½lb. of phosphate of lime, 1lb. of carbonate of lime, 3oz. of sugar and starch, 7oz. of fluoride of calcium, 6oz. of phosphate of magnesia, and a little ordinary table-salt.

Heroine's Reward.
A German student was summoned before a magistrate for brawling. He was too busy reading for his exams., and sent his sweetheart to represent him. She went, in man's attire, and was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, but the ruse was discovered, and the girl received a sentence of one month for "Justizrathspersonenbeleidigung" (insulting a magistrate).

Too Sacred to Touch.
It is a tradition in Corea that the Imperial person is sacred, so sacred that to touch it with a steel or iron weapon constitutes high treason. A former Emperor, Tien-son-tai-on, about the end of the eighteenth century, preferred to die from an illness which could have been easily cured by a slight operation rather than submit his body to such a desecration.

The Light in the Window.
When colliers' wives in certain districts hear of an accident at the pit where their husbands are working, they instantly open the street door, and, no matter how bad the weather may be, keep it open day and night until the man comes home alive or is brought home dead. At times this has been a matter of many days, and even weeks. Throughout the night, also, a candle is kept burning in the window.

A Needle-and-Thread Tree.
The wonders of botany are apparently inexhaustible. One of the most remarkable specimens is the Mexican maguey tree, which furnishes a needle and thread all ready for use. At the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle, that must be carefully drawn from it sheath, at the same time, it slowly unwinds the thread—a strong, smooth fibre attached to the needle, and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

CHURCH OF DISAGREEMENT.

The church at Purton in Wiltshire, which is not very far from Swindon, possesses both a tower and a spire. There are only three buildings of a similar kind in the Kingdom. The legend concerning it—for, of course, there is a legend to account for this peculiarity—is to the effect that two sisters built the church, and could not decide whether to erect a tower or a spire, so each pleased herself, with the result that both were built. The tower is at the west end of the building, and the spire at the junction of the nave and chancel.

HOW DAISY SEEDS ARE SCATTERED.

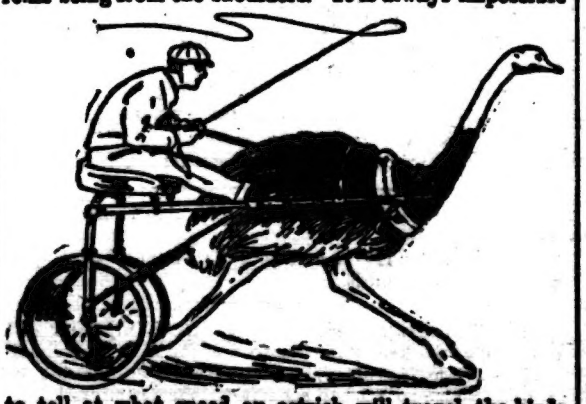
The ordinary daisy which grows in the fields and byways is not taken much account of, but, all the same, it is not the least wonderful of the many flowers provided by Nature. Here is a picture of the seed pod of one of these daisies. The golden mass is composed of a collection of tiny balls destined to burst symmetrically and release the seeds. It will be seen that some of the balls are fully opened, being transformed thereby into fairy flowers on their own behalf. When these small flowers open the seed is released, but not until the outer petals of the daisy have fallen off. In this way one daisy produces some dozens of seeds.

JAPANESE WATER CLOCK.

The device shown in the sketch is a Japanese water clock. A metal drum, with a metal axle stuck through it, is upheld by two strings in such a manner that the latter gradually unwind, allowing the drum to descend. The drum is divided inside into a series of compartments, in one of which some water is put. The partitions are pierced by pin-holes allowing the water to pass through one compartment to another as the drum goes down. It can only go round as the water runs out and its speed can therefore be regulated according to the size of the pin holes. The drum takes just twenty-four hours to go from the top to the bottom of the framework, and the hours are indicated by pegs inserted at regular intervals on one side of the supports.

OSTRICH IN HARNESS.

In America an ostrich has recently been harnessed to a trotting car and has already done a mile in a trifle over two minutes. This particular bird was not specially well bred or in full training, so what it will do under these conditions may be conjectured. The head and neck are left perfectly free from harness, the guiding reins being from the shoulders. It is always impossible to tell at what speed an ostrich will travel, the birds are so erratic in their movements. One day they will go like the wind, the next day only half the rate of speed will be attained. In California there is already talk of training ostriches for the race track and several pairs of them have been used in carriages. The weight of the load behind them seems to make very little difference to the birds when they are in a mind to go.



TO SUNSET SALUTES.—£4,000.

Odd Items of National Expenditure.

We no longer spend public money as we did in the year 1802 in the cost of "presents to foreign Ministers on signing treaties, or on ransoms for prisoners from the Barbary States." Yet it is possible to still discover on the balance-sheets of Public Expenditure items which almost match those of a century ago.

For instance, under the head of "Miscellaneous Service," comes "Receiver-General, Duchy of Lancaster. Annuity in lieu of Prisage and Butlerage on wines imported into that county, £803."

Prisage and butlerage, it may be explained, was a term given to describe the ancient privilege of our monarchs to take for their private use certain of the best of the wines imported into England from abroad.

Under "Salaries and Allowances" are other curiosities. Six trumpeters draw £98 19s. 8d., but exactly what for does not appear. They are evidently Scottish, however, for there is a note to the effect that the item was formerly charged to the hereditary revenues of Scotland.

A certain labourer receives twelve and a half guineas a year because, having once worked for the Ordnance Survey, the surveyors found they had nothing more for him to do. Eighteen years ago the House of Lords, in a fit of economy, abolished the housekeeper of its Crown Office, but the ex-occupant of that office has ever since received a yearly pension of £13.

An individual who once had the privilege of selling legal forms in the Chancery Division lost his occupation many years ago through the working of some new Act. Ever since, by way of compensation, he has received an annual cheque for £55.

Also on the compensation list of the same Court is a "Preacher at Rolls" who, though he never preaches a sermon, receives £100 a year for his imaginary services, and a caretaker, who has an annual income of £10, for taking care of nothing in particular.

The War Office—the old one, that is to say—used to rent a "Sample Room," at Wolverhampton, at £20 a year, while the Admiralty spent in one year the immense sum of £21 15s. in rewards for prize-firing. The crew of the gun that made the world's record up to date got one shilling and ninepence apiece.

It would be next to impossible to estimate how much powder is burnt yearly in British salutes, but the United States, whose territories are more compact than our own, recently estimated that the navy and forts spent £8,000 a year on powder burnt in sunset salutes, £4,000 being spent for each.

Salutes come high. The American squadron that visited Germany last year fired altogether some 1,800 rounds in salutes, at a total cost of £450.

The so-called "Richmond Shilling" costs the tax payers no less a sum than £19,000 a year. This, the largest of the perpetual pensions, has an odd history.

Parliament granted to Queen Elizabeth and her heirs a duty of one shilling per chaldron on all coals exported from the River Tyne for consumption in England. King Charles II. made a present of the amount derived from the tax to the first Duke of Richmond, and he and his heirs enjoyed the revenue for more than a century.

At last, in 1799, George III. substituted for the duty an annual payment of £19,000, and that has been continued to the present day.

The Duke of Grafton gets £6,870 a year from the country. This was another gift from that too generous monarch, Charles II. Another pension of £62 9s. 6d. also received by the same nobleman is as salary for his hereditary office as "Officer of the Pipe of the Court of the Exchequer."

Among "ancient fees," so called, are yearly sums of £60 and £20 sent annually to the Dukes of Norfolk and Rutland respectively, £5 to the Bursar of Trinity, Cambridge, and £5 to the Dean and Chapter of Norwich Cathedral. The very history of these latter payments is now lost.

There is a fund called the "Civil Contingencies Fund," which includes an oddly miscellaneous assortment of expenses.

One of the biggest items of late years was the conveyance of the remains of a distinguished British Statesman from the United States to England. This cost £1,941 17s. 5d.

Under the head of "Repayable Miscellaneous Advances" come stamp duties in creating new patents of nobility. One recent year shows an expenditure under this heading of £1,679 12s. 6d.

The Government bill for stationery and printing is really considerably heavier than there is any need for. In 1902 it was £784,326.

But for Sir Howard Vincent, who agitated powerfully against the practice of the Stationery Department in buying their goods abroad, it would have been at least £50,000 heavier.

It is blue books which run up this bill so appallingly. Two reports recently published on educational subjects contained, among other absolutely unnecessary matters, a chronological amount of a century's history of the Netherlands, a sketch of modern Scandinavian literature, and an account of a School Board school excursion in Yorkshire, beginning "The long wished for day arrived with a clear sky and a light breeze!"

Have you sent your contribution to the FRESH AIR FUND yet?

LEAVES IN THE WIND.

By SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE.

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"Like the Race of Leaves
The Race of Man is."—*Homer.*

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

"I Am Going Away—for Ever."

A CRY, that Ismene took to be one of horror, but that, in truth, was one of exultant triumph, came from Randolph's lips as he recognised the man who stood in their path courting death; the motor, that had seemed to slacken, rushed on at redoubled speed; Randolph turned fiercely upon his companion.

"You have killed him!" he cried shrilly. "The brake! Apply the brake!"

Instead of doing this, Ismene gazed vacantly before her, her hands fell nervelessly from the guiding wheel; with a low moan she half-slipped from the seat to the ground—she had fainted—for the first time in her healthy, young life, and thus was mercifully spared the awful culmination of the tragedy of Gervase Chester's life.

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"My dear Katherine, I wish you would not talk in such a fashion, as though we weren't only too delighted to have you as long as you will stay. Why think of leaving us—or—or is it that Wilbury has too painful associations for you?"

A month ago, the grave had closed over Katherine's husband, and she was slowly recovering from the horror of his death, from the awful shock it had caused her.

At first it had seemed as though she were crushed to the earth by the blow, she had seemed as one dazed, and for some time there had been some danger of the overwrought system giving way, of a complete breakdown.

Randolph Burne—in the days when Katherine's life and reason were threatened—had aged ten years; people put down his altered appearance and deep gloom to the fact that he regarded himself as really responsible for Gervase Chester's death, although, in point of fact, it was on the pretty shoulders of Mrs. Mordacks that all blame rested.

The inquest had proved as much, and the coroner, who was an admirer of Ismene, had only mildly observed that it was wrong of Mr. Burne to have allowed Mrs. Mordacks, still a novice in the art, to drive the motor; but that there was no doubt that the deceased had deliberately sought his fate, and the jury brought in the verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind, adding that they desired to express their sympathy with Mrs. Chester in her sad bereavement.

The whole affair passed off very quietly; Gervase Chester's place in the world knew him no more, and Katherine was a widow; she had been taken to the Deanery, and there, tended by Beatrice, she had remained for over a month, slowly struggling back to the life that held so little for her, the burden of which she would so gladly have relinquished, but for the sake of Arwyn.

At first she had only desired to lie still and to think of nothing, to allow the days to drift past her in dreamy serenity; but now that she was recovering her strength, she could no longer command this calm indifference to all things, and she told Mrs. Hamilton that the time had come when she must face the future, when she must understand how her affairs stood.

"You have been so kind to me," she said, gently, "and, indeed, in spite of everything, Wilbury has no painful associations for me—I love it—but, dear Mrs. Hamilton, how can I continue to live on you indefinitely? I must try to pull myself together, to find out what our position is—Arwyn's and mine; I think I can attend to business now; I shall feel happier when things are settled. My husband made no will—he had a rooted dislike to doing so—so Ingram will inherit everything, I suppose, not that there is much," she added, with a sigh; "in fact, very little."

"You, the wife, will have a third of the personalty," said Mrs. Hamilton, pleased to show her legal knowledge, "and I must say I think Ingram ought to yield up his rights to Arwyn, when you consider that poor Mr. Chester's illness was really entirely owing to him—Ingram, I mean. You may say that he killed his father."

Katherine moved her head restlessly, and a faint colour stained her pale cheek; she felt that she was basely treacherous not to defend Ingram, but her lips were sealed—her oath was to eternity.

"If you would like to discuss business matters," Mrs. Hamilton continued placidly, "I should advise your seeing Mr. Dinwiddie. He is down here for the week-end. You see, he comes very often now."

She paused, betraying a desire that Katherine should inquire into the reason of the banker's frequent visits to Wilbury, but Katherine did not gratify her in this particular.

"I should like to see him later, perhaps," she said; "that is, if he will be so kind as to spare me a little time."

"He will be delighted," said the Dean's wife; "I'll go and ask him at once. No, don't move my dear; you look so comfortable on that sofa, and I know you ought to be resting. I'll go and tell Mr. Dinwiddie that you would like to see him. He is such a kind creature, always willing to take trouble for anyone."

Left alone, freed from the well-meaning, but somewhat oppressive Mrs. Hamilton, Katherine rose slowly from the couch and began to wander up and down the quaint old room—the room that was Beatrice's own sitting-room, that she had given up to Mrs. Chester.

A heavy load oppressed the spirit of Katherine; she was sick at heart, ill at ease with her conscience, given to self-torture as she was; it was not grief for her bereavement that crushed her, as those around her imagined. She felt a hypocrite when the Dean gently chided her for sorrowing as one without hope, and also when he observed, with infinite delicacy and tact, that Gervase's death could only be regarded in the light of a release, that that clouded brain would never have been restored to health.

A knock at the door. Katherine, with a sudden tightening of the lips, bade the intruder enter. She shrank with every fibre of her being from the ordeal of an interview with Mr. Dinwiddie, but it had to be faced. She turned with an attempt at a smile—as—Randolph Burne entered the room!

The last person in the world whom she had thought of seeing, the last person that she had desired to see. She stood trembling before him, in the sable robes of her widowhood—white, hollow-eyed, with the traces of recent woe and suffering upon her beautiful face. As Burne came towards her, she shrank back, holding up her hands like one who desires to ward off a blow.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried wildly. "Not you, not you! Oh, why did you come? Why did you come?"

Randolph stopped short. Even in the midst of her remorseful agitation Katherine noticed that he was altered, and that in his sleek, dark hair silver was the predominating hue. He looked at her with a pleading, timid look that put her strangely in mind of the look in the amber eyes of Nigger when she scolded him, or forbade him to accompany her on a walk; and she burst into a sudden, hysterical laugh.

"If you only knew how exactly like Nigger you look," she said, "when he has done something wrong, or I won't let him go to church with me; but you shouldn't have come. You—you frightened me."

"I am sorry, I am very sorry!" he answered, meekly. "I know I ought not to be here, that it was very wrong of me to intrude upon you; but I wanted to see you before I went away—for ever; and I have been with the Dean in his study—looking at old manuscripts, and—as I passed this door—I could not resist—knocking. I knew I was intruding"—he smiled painfully—"a kind of Paul Pry, you know; but I wanted to say good-bye."

"Going away—for ever, you said," repeated Katherine. "Will you sit down? I am afraid I can't stand, though I'm really quite strong now."

He obeyed her silently. He, who knew her so well, who had studied with love's keen eye every shade and light in her character, knew that her agitation at beholding him was not owing to the fact that he had, in a manner, caused her husband's death; he knew that her distress had its root in a very different feeling. His heart's desire would one day be his!

"Yes," he said, quietly. "I am going away—for ever—from Wilbury; Monk's House is to be sold."

"Sold!" exclaimed Katherine, in deep dismay; "but why? I beg your pardon," she added, hastily, "of course, I have no right to ask you such a question—only—to see the place that has been in your family for so long——"

"I am selling it," answered Burne, with sombre vehemence, "because I hate it; because it has become a place of horrors for me. I hate it; I think I could willingly destroy it with my own hands."

"You hate it!" repeated Mrs. Chester, incredulously, "and do you know, in spite of all I suffered in that house, in spite of—of all associations with the saddest time of my life, I love it. It has something so restful, so peaceful, about it. I cannot believe that you really hate it."

"Not if you love it," he answered involuntarily. "Tell me, Mrs. Chester, do you really care for the old place?"

"I have told you that I love it," she replied with a shadowy smile; "can I say more?"

"No," he answered, with averted face. "Thanks, Mrs. Chester, for showing me that my aversion is quite reasonless. I will keep the house on, after all—even if I never return—it shall not be sold. Good-bye."

He came over to her and held out his hand; his abrupt manner startled Katherine, and confused her; she did not grasp the full significance of his words till he was gone, and she was left alone, with her fingers still aching from the fierce pressure he had bestowed upon them; then, as it dawned upon her that he had said he might never return to Wilbury, she hid her face, and wept as she had not wept since that evening when Gervase had told her that he had made shipwreck of his life.

Katherine did not dare to ask herself the reason of the tears, nor why the thought that Monk's House was not to be sold—because she loved it—should bring comfort to her; but she flung herself upon her knees, and sent up to Heaven an incoherent petition that she might be forgiven—but for what she did not say!

When Mr. Dinwiddie arrived to discuss business affairs, he found her calm and dignified, as was her wont, capable of understanding and conducting her own affairs, but by no means despising his assistance.

The banker was greatly relieved by her attitude. He had vaguely feared that she would weep, and, perhaps, even become hysterical, when her husband's name was mentioned, but she preserved a serenity he could only admire. He was not a man of diplomacy—silent, round-faced John Dinwiddie, with the steady blue eyes in which shone such tenacity of purpose—but he was moved to unusual tactfulness by his admiration for Katherine.

Balancing between his thick fingers the pencil with which he had jotted down various figures on the sheet of paper before him, on which was his estimate of Mrs. Chester's resources, he spoke with a gentler inflection than usual in his quiet voice.

"Mrs. Chester, I come as my friend Mordacks' ambassador. Will you listen to what he has to say to you? It will not take long."

With a little gesture, Katherine signified her assent, also that she was somewhat puzzled to know what the senior partner could have to say to her that required an intermediary. Dinwiddie soon satisfied her curiosity.

"It appears to Mordacks," he said deliberately, "that, as in a great measure the unfortunate accident which deprived you of your husband was owing to Mrs. Mordacks, he is in duty bound to compensate you—no, that's an unfortunate word; please consider it as unspoken. That—as you have lost your natural protector through his wife's carelessness, he must endeavour to prevent your feeling that—well—dear me, it's extremely difficult to put such a very simple proposal in words, I think. Will you forgive me, as a blunt man of business, if I state somewhat baldly what it is Mr. Mordacks desires that you should know?"

She answered "yes" a little uneasily, and her expression was anxious as Dinwiddie proceeded.

"This is what I have to tell you, Mrs. Chester: Mr. Mordacks trusts that you will allow him to settle a yearly income upon you; also that you will allow him to defray Arwyn's school fees, and when the boy is of an age to choose a profession, all expenses connected with his entry into it shall be paid by Mordacks. That is his offer. Will you accept it?"

"Mr. Mordacks is too generous," answered Katherine, flushing, "and—Mrs. Mordacks was surely not to blame in the matter of the accident; my husband wished to die."

The last words were a sob; Dinwiddie shrugged his shoulders.

"May be," he said, calmly, "but if such a flyaway person as Mrs. Mordacks drives a motor, there will be accidents among those who wish to live. She is criminally rash, and Burne was a fool to have allowed her to drive his machine; but, of course, he was weak with her because she is a pretty woman; but for your husband's fate, Mrs. Chester, others might have been killed, for a little farther on there were several people in the road."

"I see," murmured Katherine, "but—but I cannot accept what Mr. Mordacks offers. I appreciate his kindness. I thank him very much, but my answer must be 'no.'"

"And what will you live on?" asked Dinwiddie. "Your own income? Ah! that is sufficient for your needs, Mrs. Chester, but how about Arwyn? You will have to remove him from the school where he now is; you cannot keep him there."

"I have done so hitherto," Katherine answered; "I sold some of my securities; I could not take him away; a good education means so much to a boy."

"But," observed the banker, testily, "you won't be able to go on selling securities, because you won't have them; you must keep something to live on, you know. You can't exist on air."

"I want very little," she answered gravely. "Please thank Mr. Mordacks, Mr. Dinwiddie, but tell him that I would like—if—possible, to keep my independence. I am very grateful to him—but—that is how I feel."

"Foolish!" said Mr. Dinwiddie briefly; "but I will say no more. Good afternoon, Mrs. Chester—and—if ever I can help you in any way, pray let me know."

"I will," she said, smilingly; "you are most kind—ah!——" The door opened. "Here is Beatrice! Do come in, my dear, Mr. Dinwiddie and I have finished our business."

"I didn't know that anyone was with you," Miss Hamilton answered, rather ungraciously. "I came to know if you would let me stay with you a little while, Katherine."

"Beatrice," the banker raised his head, and fixed his stolid gaze upon her, "I think you might tell Mrs. Chester the news; I am vain enough to think that it would interest her."

"News!" said Katherine, seeing with some surprise that Beatrice's colour rose. "What is it, pray?"

The banker raised his eyebrows questioningly. "Shall I tell it," he asked politely, "or will you, Beatrice?"

Miss Hamilton laughed, a forced, unpleasant laugh.

"It's nothing very exciting after all, Katherine," she said lightly; "only that I am going to marry Mr. Dinwiddie."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.

A Message from the Prison-house.

MR. MORDACKS was annoyed, but scarcely surprised, at Mrs. Chester's refusal of his offer. He told John Dinwiddie that he thought that she would live to regret it, and added the highly original sentiment that, as you make your bed so you must lie on it.

"I'm chiefly sorry for Arwyn's sake," he added; "of

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course, his mother can't afford to keep him at that expensive school; she'll have to take him away."

"She won't," answered Dinwiddie curtly. "Some anonymous benefactor has lodged in the bank a sufficient sum in Arwyn's name to be used for his education, so he's settled for."

"Who the dickens can it have been?" ejaculated Mr. Mordacks in amazement. "Some old admirer of Mrs. Chester, I suppose? Well, she certainly is a sweet, pretty woman, only—one can't imagine her having admirers like the ordinary woman, can one? Seems too good, too lofty, and far above us poor creatures."

"Wickedness is generally suposed to attract us more," answered Dinwiddie, indifferently. "Don't know why, I'm sure, considering that we're generally far removed from saints, and that contrasts fascinate most. Anyway, old flame or not, Arwyn's provided for."

"I'm thankful, for my wife's sake; it will be a great relief to her, for she has never ceased to reproach herself for Chester's death, though over and over again I have assured her that the man deliberately courted death, that she really wasn't to blame. She is still quite prostrate with grief; I mean to take her to the South of France as soon as ever I can—by easy stages, you know. I think a change will revive her."

"I've no doubt," said the junior partner, with scarcely concealed scorn, "that it will."

John Dinwiddie had his own opinion of Ismene, and it was not a high one. He glanced contemptuously at Mr. Mordacks, upon whose benevolent countenance care sat enthroned.

"Yes, change is what she wants," the senior partner added with a deep sigh. "She's awfully sensitive, and takes so long getting over things. Really, she's had enough to try her lately; first, that awful affair of Mademoiselle de Laune, then Chester's death. She seems to have lived in an atmosphere of tragedy."

"Monte Carlo will cure her," said Dinwiddie calmly; "the air is excellent, isn't it? The best in the Riviera."

"It is," answered Mordacks, unsuspiciously. "You are not going there this year, Dinwiddie?"

"No," answered that personage deliberately; "I don't intend to leave England, unless Beatrice does so."

"Beatrice!" repeated Mordacks, in bewilderment, "who's that, and what has any woman to do with your going abroad? Aren't you a confirmed old bachelor, a thorough-going mysogynist?"

"I can hardly deserve those epithets in the future," answered Dinwiddie, "for I hope to be married in six months."

"Who to?" demanded the other, oblivious of grammar in his astonishment; "'pon my word, Jack, I should as soon of thought of the Pope's marriage as of yours."

"Why? Am I so absolutely ineligible?"

"No, no, of course not—only—only one never associated you with marriage, that's all. Who's the lady?"

"Beatrice Hamilton."

Mr. Mordacks sank back in his chair and stared incredulously at the speaker. It was some time before he could command himself sufficiently to speak.

"Why, bless the man!" he cried, "she's your god-daughter!"

"I never heard," answered Dinwiddie, quietly, "that that was a relationship included in the Table of Degrees. Also, you will most likely add, she is young enough to be my real daughter. She is—but neither is that an insuperable obstacle."

"Beatrice Hamilton!" repeated Mr. Mordacks, helplessly. "Why, she must look upon you as a second father."

"She has consented to accept me as a husband," answered Dinwiddie coldly, "so I cannot agree with you."

There was a silence; in vain did the senior partner search for words of congratulation; he could find none, and finally, with a gallant attempt at showing interest, observed that he supposed Dinwiddie would give up his villa in Brixton.

"Yes; I am negotiating for the lease of a house in Grosvenor Street," answered Dinwiddie; "rather a nice little house—small, but it can be made very pleasant."

"Expensive, eh?" suggested his friend, tentatively. "Runs into a lot of money, a house in the West End."

"You know by experience, of course," said Dinwiddie, who was well aware of Ismene's extravagant tendencies; "but I can afford it. I've been saving and saving for years."

"And at last, you've an object on which you can spend your hoards," said Mordacks. "Well, I trust most sincerely you'll be happy. When's the wedding?"

"In six months or so," answered Dinwiddie. "Thanks for your good wishes. I hope they'll be realised."

"By-the-bye," exclaimed Mr. Mordacks, as Dinwiddie rose to withdraw, "where is Mrs. Chester? She is not at the Deanery, is she?"

"She's down in Cornwall, living very quietly," answered Dinwiddie. "Buried herself in the most inaccessible of places, called Trembath. I don't know how long she means to stay there."

"Oh, I shall see her in town one day, I expect," answered the other, indifferently. "I only wanted to know her whereabouts."

When John Dinwiddie had left him, Mordacks sat for some time idle, thinking over the extraordinary fact that Beatrice Hamilton was to marry his junior partner.

"What on earth makes her take him?" Mordacks demanded of himself. "Why on earth is she marrying a man old enough to be her father? I wonder the Dean and his wife allow it."

But both Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton were more than reconciled to the match. They had seen, with ever-growing distress, their daughter's persistent rebuffs to all would-be suitors, and they had begun to fear that she would never put the remembrance of unworthy Ingram from her; therefore, when she quietly informed them that Mr. Dinwiddie had asked her to marry him, and that she had said "yes," the pang of disappointment at their darling's choice was swallowed up in delight that she had made a choice at all, and they welcomed their prospective son-in-law with open arms.

John behaved admirably, although he was inwardly exulting at his triumph. Though he was flushed with the victory for which he had so patiently worked, he did not distress and alarm Beatrice by lover's raptures, but bore himself towards her with a reserve and gentleness that won her reluctant gratitude.

She had accepted him at last out of sheer weariness at his persistent pleading, and out of profound indifference as to her ultimate fate. What did it matter, she asked herself, what became of her? She had lost Ingram, life henceforth was black as darkest night for her; it could hold neither sorrow nor joy any more; as well marry the man who told her that she was his idol as waste her life at home, wearied ever with his pleading. Frankly, she had told him that she did not, and never could, care for him, that her heart was Ingram Chester's; he had answered that he desired only to be allowed to love her, that he asked nothing in return.

"Remember," she said, "I tried to kill you; I wanted you to drown."

"And if you killed me as I stand here before you," he had replied, "I should love you even as I died."

The almost fierce intensity of his passion for her, that such words now and again revealed, half-frightened Beatrice, but John Dinwiddie observing this, held himself sternly in hand when with her, only in his daily letters did he allow his feelings their course, and Beatrice sighed as she opened the thick envelope, addressed in the square, characteristic handwriting; she knew its contents already, for there was little variation in Dinwiddie's epistles.

"An excellent correspondent," said the Dean, looking over the edge of the newspaper at his daughter; "what does he say, my child?"

"Nothing much, papa; it seems mostly details about furniture."

"Well, the time is going on, isn't it?" said her father, with some jocoseness. "You've been engaged five months, haven't you? In another month or so the wedding will take place, won't it? There is plenty for John to have to see to in the nest he is preparing for you—from whom have you heard, my dear?"

He turned to his wife as he spoke, and she looked up in answer from the letter she was perusing.

"From Katherine Chester; nothing much in it; she has been ill and—my goodness gracious!—James—what is the matter with you?"

For the Dean, who had been glancing at his newspaper, suddenly allowed it to fall from his hands, whilst, with a countenance as white as the tablecloth, he stared in wild, distraught fashion at his wife, who hurried to his side.

"My dear, what is it?" she exclaimed, in great perturbation. "Do tell me, what has upset you? You look as though you were going to faint."

"A sudden—a—a sudden attack of giddiness," he answered, in a dry, husky voice, "nothing more. I think I'll go—to my room; I—I feel very shaken."

Slowly he rose, Beatrice and her mother watching him anxiously as he made his way to the door, then he paused, and looked back.

"Give me the newspaper, please," he said, in a dry, sharp voice, far removed from his usually suave tones. "Thank you; don't worry about me, I shall be quite well presently."

But with this assurance Mrs. Hamilton was not contented; she followed her husband to his room, and, as he collapsed into a chair, she laid her hand upon his arm.

"My dear," she said, gently; "I wish you would tell me what is wrong; I can see that something is. What is it?"

The Dean raised a face, to which the colour was just returning.

"Ingram Chester, with another convict, tried to escape from Ilwarne Prison," he answered slowly, "and—and in the attempt Ingram was drowned. We must keep it from Beatrice—why should she know it?"

"But how *are* we to keep it from her?" demanded Mrs. Hamilton helplessly. "Someone is sure to mention it; my dear, she must know, there is no help for it."

"I tell you she must *not*," replied the Dean, almost fiercely. "She has not quite forgotten him, unworthy scoundrel though he was, and the news of his death will be a most terrible shock to her; she thinks of him as dead already; that is sufficient, his image will not disturb her in her future life, but she must not learn of his death; at all hazards it must be kept from her—for some time, at any rate. It ought not to be difficult; she is not given to reading the papers; burn this one at once—that is one danger out of the way."

As he spoke, the Dean crumpled the newspaper nervously together and flung it upon the fire that a cold, inclement Spring made a necessity; he watched it crackle into ashes with absorbed attention, and as the last scrap dissolved into black tinder, he turned to Mrs. Hamilton.

"Remember," he said impressively, "at all hazards, this is to be kept from Beatrice."

"Very well," replied his wife meekly; "I only hope we shall manage to do so, but I confess I am not very sanguine."

She returned to her daughter, who was languidly reading Mr. Dinwiddie's letter, and all that day she scarcely left Beatrice, who at first hardly noticed her mother's constant watchfulness; but when three days had elapsed and Mrs. Hamilton still kept close guardianship over her, she laughingly remonstrated.

"Is it because I am going to leave you?" she asked. "Oh mother mine—I wish I weren't."

She put her arms about Mrs. Hamilton in a sudden access of love, and kissed her passionately. The shadow of her fast-approaching marriage lay darkly upon Beatrice. Each moment of each day she prized, for she was still at liberty—the liberty that would soon be placed in the hands of John Dinwiddie.

How different would her feelings have been had it been Ingram Chester she was to wed. She thought of him as she wandered in the Deanery garden, where the pear-tree was breaking into blossom upon the red-brick wall; she pictured him in his cell, or working beneath a warder's supervision at the Ilwarne breakwater, and no instinct whispered to her that for the last ten days he had been sleeping beneath the sad sea waves.

She paused to look at the bed of lilies of the valley in its sheltered corner—the flowers she always associated with her brief betrothal. Stooping, glad that no one was near to witness the foolish action, she put her lips to the green leaves, and at that moment a pebble dropped upon her brown, bent head.

Beatrice instantly sprang erect, with flashing eyes, suspecting that one of the foundation scholars had dared to climb the wall and play this rude joke upon her; nor was she mistaken, as she looked up she beheld the round and freckled face of some urchin peering at her over the ivy. As their eyes met, to her astonishment, instead of disappearing he grinned broadly, and uttered a portentous "'Ush!"

"Lemme in," he whispered hoarsely. "I've got summat to tell you alone; let me in."

"Who are you, and what on earth can you have to tell me?" Beatrice demanded in astonishment, but the boy grinned again.

"'E said as 'ow you mightn't believe," he said confidentially, "an' if so, I was to say to you as 'ow I comes from lilies of the valley, and prisoners and captives; it sounds rubbish—don't it?—but it's what 'e said."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE.

"And so, in Darkest, Darkest Woe, We Meet Once More."

For one instant Beatrice's heart seemed to stand still. The message this boy had to deliver must be from Ingram, and yet he was in prison—how could he communicate with her? Mrs. Hamilton's watch had been relaxed of late, but it had not been in vain; Beatrice was completely ignorant of Ingram's fate.

"Come round to the little door that leads into the field and I'll come and speak to you," she said quietly, and the freckled face promptly disappeared. It was at the door when Beatrice opened it, and a grimy paw was extended to her—a letter in its grasp.

"'E said you'd give me 'alf a crown, 'cos 'e 'adn't nothing," explained the boy. "'E said you'd be glad to hear from lilies of the valley and prisoners and captives."

He grinned again, and caught the coin Beatrice hastily flung him, as, clasping her precious letter, she hurried back into the garden. She thought it must be from Ingram, but cold disappointment swept over her as she opened it and saw that the writing was strange to her.

"One whom you loved," ran this strange note, "and who is innocent, calls to you for help. If you have the faintest feeling for him left, be at the disused barn in the Dean's meadow this evening at ten o'clock. You can save him; unless you come, he will die."

"If I have any feeling for him!" Beatrice repeated to herself. "Guilty or innocent, I love him."

She slipped the scrap of rough brown paper on which the message was written into the bosom of her dress, and then, with what patience she had at her command, she awaited the fateful hour. The Dean's meadow lay not far from the garden, and towards it, when all the household imagined her to be in her room, she went —no scruples as to whether she were acting fairly or the reverse to John Dinwiddie troubled the mind of Beatrice, in which, at present, there was room for nothing save the thought of Ingram Chester.

The disused barn, where owls and bats held undisputed sway, looked ghostly in the pale moonlight. Beatrice shuddered a little, and with difficulty suppressed a cry as out from the bushes that clustered round one side of the ancient building, there emerged a man.

"Hush! Miss Hamilton; no noise, if you please," he said in an authoritative voice. "Please come inside—it's safer. I thought you would come, from what Chester told me of you. Take care, it is very dark, and, of course, I dare not have a light, but a little further in is the moonlight, and you'll be able to see. That's right, give me your hand."

And he led her to a patch of light, where, upon a heap of last year's leaves that had been swept in there, lay one whom the world thought of as dead, the convict, Ingram Chester!

All recollection that he had himself acknowledged his guilt, that she had declared she felt herself degraded that she had once loved him, was swept from Beatrice's memory. She only knew that before her—suffering, emaciated, the shadow of his former self—lay the man she had loved—the man who was still her idol.

"Ingram," she said, and the unutterable tenderness with which she pronounced his name made it sound as a caress, "you wanted me—I've come."

The closed eyes opened suddenly. On the white and wasted features there came a look of intense joy; he attempted to rise, to support himself upon one elbow whilst he extended the other hand to her.

"You shouldn't have come," he murmured weakly. "I told Avon—you were to know nothing—unless—unless I died."

"You seemed so near dying when I wrote that note on a bit of paper our invaluable young friend possessed, that I felt justified in asking Miss Hamilton to come to you," answered the other—and Beatrice recognised his voice; she turned in his direction, and he came quietly into the patch of moonlight.

"Yes," he said, calmly, "I am Elsley Avon, Miss Hamilton; I suppose you heard that over a week ago Chester and I made a dash for liberty during a sea-fog. They shot at us; he was wounded, and sank, they thought, for ever, but I gripped him and we managed to reach a boat and make off. We've had a hideous time; hunted like wild beasts with a price upon our heads, starving, existing only on the scraps we could purloin now and again from desolate farmhouses, but always making our way towards Wilbury, that was our one idea—only to get here—and Fortune has at length favoured us. I stole from a secondhand clothes' shop in a town not far from Ilwarne two suits of clothes. Oh! that was a triumph,

Have you sent your contribution to the FRESH AIR FUND yet?

and a little money out of the till as well—don't look so horrified, Miss Hamilton; we were obliged to steal, there was nothing else to be done—and after a toilsome journey we arrived here."

"He saved my life," murmured Ingram; "but for him I should have been drowned."

Beatrice held out her hand and clasped that of Elsley Avon. At that moment she was indifferent whether it was stained with blood or not—it had saved Ingram from death—that was all she knew or cared.

"I knew nothing of your escape," she said; "I have not heard a word about it. Oh, Ingram! why—why did you risk it? After all, it was not so very long to wait."

The words were uttered falteringly, and Chester greeted them with a bitter laugh.

"Not long to wait," he repeated; "you don't grasp the kind of life I've been leading, Beatrice, or you would know that there comes a time when it's a choice between going mad and trying to bolt. I chose the latter alternative. Beatrice"—his clasp on her hand intensified—"I wish I'd died—for then—you would have known the truth."

"The truth?" she asked wonderingly. Neither paid any heed to Elsley Avon who had drawn a little away from them. "What do you mean?"

"He's dead," Ingram whispered, hoarsely, "and—and I cannot think that it is wrong to let you know—Beatrice, you believed what I told your father? You believed me guilty?"

"Yes, and it almost broke my heart."

"I did it, for your sake," Ingram murmured, "and—and for the sake of others. Beatrice, I lied when I said I was guilty. I am innocent; as I hope for Heaven, I swear I am innocent. You believe me, don't you? Oh, you must; why don't you speak? Tell me that you know I am, that you forgive me for a lie that was almost forced upon me."

But Beatrice was silent; not that she disbelieved Ingram, but for a moment a deep resentment against him that he had deliberately deceived her filled her soul. But for his confession she would still be free, she would not be the *fiancée* of John Dinwiddie. Her silence alarmed Ingram.

"You're angry," he whispered feebly. "Oh, Beatrice! I—I did it for the best, your father told me——"

"Hush!" and she laid her hand upon his lips. "Don't speak of it, Ingram; it's too late now for regrets or reproaches—too late—don't let us talk of it."

"But," he asked, eagerly, "you believe me?"

"I do, and I shall love you," she answered, with a certain solemnity that made him vaguely uneasy, "in spite of all, to the end."

At that moment Avon came forward.

"It isn't safe for you to remain much longer, Miss Hamilton," he said, with that air of authority that sat so strangely upon him. "We must leave here in an hour or two; I wish you to go back and bring with you any money you can spare—it's no good being squeamish at such a juncture. We must have funds, and we can turn to no one but you. Mrs. Chester is too far off, besides——"

"Everything of mine is yours," said Beatrice eagerly; "only it seems such a risk to have come to Wilbury, to have trusted that boy who brought me that note."

Avon shrugged his shoulders. "It's the worst of our position that we must trust someone," he said gloomily, "but I think that child will hold his tongue. Can you let us have a little money to push on with, and then, if you'll send us two hundred pounds in notes to an address in town I'll give you, he can make his way to America."

"I will go back at once," Beatrice exclaimed, eagerly. "I've only a little in my purse—see—just a sovereign or two and some silver."

She poured it into Avon's outstretched hand. Ingram looked on uneasily; to him this was the bitterest of the many humiliations he was called upon to undergo, that he must be beholden to Beatrice for money, but, as Elsley had observed, this was no time for scruples.

"This will do us very well," Avon said, as he counted the money; "Chester will go to the States, Miss Hamilton, but I must remain in England. I have work to do. Randolph Burne is here, of course?"

Beatrice was about to answer, when Ingram suddenly gave vent to an exclamation of dismay.

"Someone is coming!" he said. "I hear footsteps!"

The others listened in suspense. Ingram was right, someone, in very slow, deliberate fashion, was approaching the barn. Beatrice's lips grew dry with fear, and she could hear Avon's hurried breathing, denoting his alarm; the footsteps came nearer—still nearer—and finally paused outside the barn.

(Another instalment of this story next week.)

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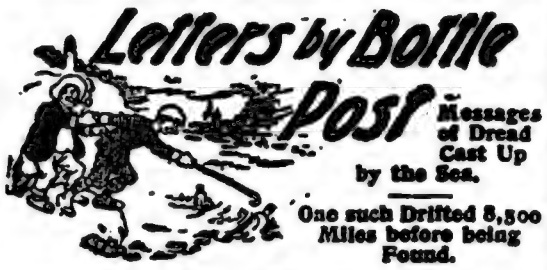

Another was Discovered in the Stomach of a Codfish.

IN February, 1897, some fish-curers engaged in gutting cod at a place called Buckie, in Banffshire, discovered in the stomach of one of the largest a tightly corked lemonade bottle.

This, on being opened, was found to contain a leaf hastily torn from a pocket-book, on which was scribbled in lead pencil the following message: "Schooner *Ulusio* foundered eighty-six miles off Dunnett Head. God help us. J. Clower, Ghent, Lerwick."

Probably there is no authentic record of a stranger delivery accomplished through the agency of what has been not inaptly christened by navigators, "Father Neptune's Bottle Post."

Which is saying a good deal. For many similar despairing messages, telling of death or disaster, have come to hand under circumstances that would seem incredible, were they not vouched for on the best authority.

For instance, when *The Kent*, East Indiaman, was destroyed by fire in the Bay of Biscay on March 1st, 1825, a certain Major McGregor cast into the sea a sealed bottle containing a message addressed to his home in Edinburgh.

Got his own note back.

At the time he did this it looked as though all on board must certainly perish. But, luckily, a little later, a tiny schooner of two hundred tons, the *Cambria*, hove in sight, and took off 547 passengers and crew out of a total of 637 who were on board, the odd ninety being either burnt or drowned.

Major McGregor was among the saved. And nearly two years later, to his unbounded amazement, his own note was returned to him through the ordinary post. It had been picked up on the beach at Barbadoes by a person bathing.

The major's message had, however, extraordinarily good luck, since hydrographers, and others skilled in the vagaries of winds and currents, calculate that not more than six or eight per cent. of the letters intrusted to Father Neptune's mail are ever heard of again.

And this opinion has been borne out to a certain extent by actual experiment. Thus, in 1878, a Mr. Wragge, while voyaging between Port Adelaide and London in the *Hesperus*, sent adrift no fewer than one hundred and fifty bottle-borne messages. Only six out of the whole batch came to hand.

The uncertainty of bottle posts.

Captain Catnach, of the *Warrior Queen*, trading round Cape Horn, regularly cast overboard every voyage a score of similarly inclosed missives, not one of which was ever reported as having been picked up.

During the time that the Editor of a well-known comic paper was offering free gifts of watches to readers of his journal, Captain A. Simpson, of the *Australasian*, one of the Aberdeen White Star line boats, threw overboard every day at noon a coupon inclosed within an empty bottle.

This he did all the way out to Australia and back. Yet one only was rescued and forwarded according to instructions to the office of the paper.

Of course, however, there are some remarkable exceptions in the other direction. Two have been recorded above. Here is another, equally extraordinary, and equally above suspicion as regards trustworthiness.

In December, 1891, the barque *Caller Ou* left Grimsby, and was never seen again. It was generally supposed that she foundered in a gale which sprang up shortly after her departure.

News of a wreck told

But on January 9th, 1893, a missive was delivered at Kilnsea, in Yorkshire, by Father Neptune's mail, which told quite another story.

"May the Lord comfort my mother"—ran the message—"*Caller Ou* run down by an unknown steamer.—Dawson. No more time. Sinking."

At first the finder thought this might be a hoax. But inquiry revealed that the missing vessel had an apprentice named Dawson on board. He had been trained at Trinity House School, Hull, and the headmaster of that institution, Mr. Z. Scaping, was able to identify the handwriting as being that of his ex-pupil.

After a similar fashion was made known the fate of the *Atalanta*, which foundered with all hands (280) in a gale off Bermuda, in February, 1880; and of the National liner *Erin*, lost in mid-Atlantic with every soul on board.

The bottle-message which brought news of this latter catastrophe was found on the coast of Cornwall. It was covered with barnacles, and was supposed to have been drifting at the mercy of the winds and currents for a period of about two years.

Few wrecks of modern times have caused such a sensation as did that of the steamer *London*, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay on January 11th, 1866. Over two hundred lives were lost, including that of the captain, who refused to avail himself of the boats; Dr. Woolley, Principal of the University of Sydney; and Mr. G. V. Brooke, the tragedian.

This latter gentleman, just before the vessel took her final plunge, threw into the sea a corked bottle. It contained a torn envelope, with on it: "January 11th. On board the *London*. We are just going down. No chance of safety. Please give this to Avonia Jones, Surrey Theatre, London, England.—Gustavus Vaughan Brooke."

This message, carried by bottle post to Brighton, was picked up on the beach there three months later by Mr. C. D. Elliott, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and by him forwarded to its destination. On its arrival Mrs. Brooke—whose stage name was Avonia Jones—had no difficulty in recognising her husband's handwriting.

The record for long distance travelling rests with a bottle containing a missive which was thrown overboard from the sailing ship *Norfolk*, off Cape Horn, on July 14th, 1864, and which reached Australia 1,060 days later, having drifted in the meantime upwards of 8,500 miles.

Drifted for 7,800 miles.

Another remarkable journey was that which was accomplished by a bottle messenger dispatched on July 30th, 1893, from the *St. Enoch*, while in the Gulf of Guinea, and which turned up two years later in the Shetland Islands, after a drift of 7,800 miles.

In December, 1888, a bottle came ashore on Haskeir Island, one of the Hebrides, bringing tidings of the abandonment of the schooner, *W. L. White*, off the North American coast, during the previous March; and this news was followed, in January, 1889, by the arrival at the same place of the vessel herself. She was, of course, derelict, and had evidently drifted across the Atlantic in the wake of the bottle. But, being partially waterlogged, she had not travelled quite so quickly.

Sometimes these bottle-borne messages get into strange hands. On February 26th, 1894, Captain Farquhar, of the steamship *Clansman*, was hailed by a dusky native racing excitedly along Humara Beach, New Zealand.

As the black fellow was seen to be waving aloft a document of some sort, a boat was put off. It was then found that he had in his possession a missive which had been thrown overboard, on September 18th, 1893, from the barque *Kirkhill*, bound from Newcastle to Callao.

Bottle post used regularly.

About the same time that this message was so strangely recovered at the Antipodes, another came to hand at Gighay, a lonely islet in the Outer Hebrides. It was scribbled in pencil on a scrap of paper not much bigger than a postage stamp, and contained the information that the ship *Horn Head* was foundering in mid-Atlantic, after having collided with an iceberg.

The vessel in question had disappeared more than a year previously, leaving no trace behind her, while on a voyage between Baltimore and Dublin, and the message was greatly welcomed by the owners as explaining the mystery of her fate.

Probably the inhabitants of the Westmanna Islands, off the coast of Iceland, are the only people in the world who regularly use Neptune's bottle post. They have discovered that, owing to the action of the tides and currents, any buoyant article thrown into the sea, either on the north or west of the islands, will almost invariably drift ashore at, or near, the little town of Eyranbakke, on the south-west coast of Iceland.

This knowledge they regularly avail themselves of during the winter months, when storms often render other communication impossible for weeks together But, of course, the system only works one way.

DIDN'T WISH TO KNOW THEM.

CHOLLY: "I say, Fweddy, let's go and consult a spiwit medium."

Fweddy: "What foh, old chappie?"

Cholly: "Why, to—aw—talk with ouah ancestahs, doncherknow."

Fweddy: "Couldn't think of it, Cholly, old boy. My ancestahs were only common twade people, you know, and weally I don't care to wecognise them."

"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am," asked the cook.

"I don't exactly know," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are nice and tender!"

"BELINDA, if my salary were raised we could be married to-morrow."

"All right, Augustus; I'll write your employer an anonymous letter, and tell him we both think he is a mean old thing."

The June number of THE RAPID REVIEW is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

"Curried Cockchafers for One, Please!"

Insects that are Quite Good to Eat.

Baked Moths in Batter are Excellent:

And Wasp Grubs Cooked in the Comb Constitute a real Tit-bit.

In many parts of Africa the Goliath beetle is considered a great dainty. Locusts are, of course, regularly served at table in many parts of the world. In Mexico a kind of caviare of ants' eggs is highly esteemed, fetching so much as twelve and sixteen shillings a pound.

Turkish women eat cockroaches cooked in butter in order to fatten themselves. In Brazil a species of bread, called hautle, is made from caterpillars. Bees are eaten in Ceylon. Curried termites constitute one of the dainties of the Niger hinterland. The sweet, fat maggot of the palm-tree beetle is served up on the tables of West Indian epicures.

There are, too, more insect eaters in England at this present moment than most people are aware of, although it must be admitted that they constitute but a very insignificant minority of the population.

Of course, no one would advocate utilising for food insects that feed on carrion, or even on meat or fish. We have agreed to banish the flesh of carnivorous animals from our tables. And we should take a like course as regards carnivorous insects. A ragout of bluebottles is as unthinkable an item of a dinner menu as would be stewed tom cat.

A menu of insects.

The insects that are good for the food of civilised man, and those that are not, are perfectly well known. Here, for instance, is a typical insect menu, of which no one need be afraid to partake, since every item has been known and esteemed by insect eaters for generations past. It was served, not long since, at the table of a rich London epicure, who is also an enthusiastic advocate of an insectarian dietary.

GREEN CATERPILLAR SOUP.
FRIED LOCUST WITH WOODLOUSE SAUCE.
CURRIED COCKCHAFERS.
WASP GRUBS BAKED IN THE COMB.
STAG BEETLE LARVÆ ON TOAST.
MOTHS BAKED IN BATTER.
DEVILLED WIREWORMS.
GRASSHOPPERS *au gratin*.

The above does not sound very attractive to unaccustomed ears. But if we take and analyse each separate item, we shall find that we have before us a meal to which not even the most fastidious feeder could possibly entertain any real objection.

The green caterpillars, for instance, that compose the soup, feed entirely upon vegetables, and mostly upon the particular vegetables most relished by man, such as cabbages and lettuces.

In appearance the soup itself is not unlike clear turtle, while its flavour is delicious.

Fried locusts are very tasty.

The locusts which constitute the second course, have, as everyone is aware, been esteemed by gourmands the world over, and from the remotest antiquity. "Eat ye the locust after his kind," was the Biblical injunction; and we know that John the Baptist is recorded as having lived for some considerable time upon "locusts and wild honey."

There are, of course, many ways of preparing them. They can be fried, after their legs and wings have been plucked off, which was, as a matter of fact, the process adopted in this particular instance. Or they may be powdered and baked into cakes; or curried; or boiled, turning red, like lobsters, in the process.

The woodlouse sauce, if properly made with fresh butter, flour, milk, pepper and salt, will be found fully equal to shrimp, which it much resembles in taste. Indeed, the woodlouse, although he lives on land, is first cousin to that much relished crustacean.

Toothsome wasp grubs.

Cockchafers, curried or otherwise, are delicious if selected of a serviceable size and plumpness. So, too, are their grubs, when full grown. They should then be at least two inches in length, and fat in proportion, and may be eaten uncooked, like oysters, or stewed in milk.

Perhaps, however, the most toothsome of all insect delicacies is that which comes fourth on our "menu of the day"—wasp grubs baked in the comb. These grubs have been fed by their parents on a saccharine fluid composed of fruit and vegetable juices, and are simply tiny balls of sugary fat possessing a flavour as exquisite as it is unique. No one who has once tasted them will ever again be surprised at the preference shown by fish for this particular grub, when used as a bait.

The stag-beetle larva is, of course, identical with the Cossus, which the old Roman epicures used to fatten for their tables upon flour and wine. The sixth course should be served steaming hot, since there is no more appetising odour than that emanating from a plump baked moth.

Devilled wireworms are eaten in the form of a paste, spread upon sippets of toast, and taste not unlike anchovies when treated in similar fashion.

Many people might, perhaps, object that a menu made up entirely of insects sounds as if it would be lacking in variety. But this is not so. There is no flavour of flesh, fish, or fowl that is not reproduced in the insect world.

Still, for the benefit of those who would like to try insectarianism, but by slow degrees, it may be mentioned that there is in existence in London a Society known as the Q.E.'s (which stands for Queer Eaters), whose mission it is to educate people's tastes in this direction.

The members dine monthly, under the presidency of a cosmopolitan savant, learned in gastronomy, and the menu always comprises one or more insectarian items.

Thus, at the last gathering, which took place only the other day at a well-known hotel in the vicinity of Covent Garden, pickled locusts constituted the *hors d'œuvres;* while for *entrée* white-worm fritters were enjoyed.

Glacé white worms.

Specially imported from Provence, this "worm," really the larva of a kind of dragon-fly, is a great delicacy. He is round, fat, and juicy, and is fried in white of egg. So treated he becomes a clear crystalline rod, which snaps between the teeth, and melts on the tongue like a bonbon *glacé*.

At forthcoming banquets it is intended, so it is said, to strike a new culinary note by combining insect and ordinary food in the same dish.

Cauliflowers, for instance, will be served garnished with caterpillars. There will be braised fowl and chrysalides. Fish is to be eaten with ant-egg sauce, or not at all. And the *soufflé* will appear at table with a garniture of sawflies.

Such experiments as these deserve the wholehearted support of all those who are not blinded by prejudice. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one existed before, is to be classed as a public benefactor, what shall be said of him who increases the available food supply of the people by a hundredfold.

And this might be done. It is only necessary to create the demand. The supply would easily be compassed. Insects are tremendously prolific. Even now many species swarm season after season in great abundance. Specially cultivated and reared for food, and kept in bounds, as they then would be, there would be practically no limit to their numbers, save only man's need of them.

DIDN'T KNOW YET.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (to cook, having discovered a policeman in the kitchen): "You told me when you came here that you had no sweetheart."

Cook: "Yes, I told you so, and it's the truth, too."

"Who, then, is the policeman in the kitchen, if he is not your sweetheart?"

"He isn't my sweetheart, indeed he isn't. He's only trying to be, and I don't know whether he will succeed or not."

IT DEPENDED ON THE EDITOR.

THE troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the seedy-looking poet who wandered into a London newspaper office, venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering.

"Give me your address," said the editor.

"That, sir," was the frank reply, "depends entirely on yourself."

"On myself?" said the astonished editor. "How so?"

"Well, you see," went on the unabashed poet. "It's this way. If you take the poem my address will remain No. 77 King Street; if you don't take it, I shall have no address. My landlady is a woman of her word."

HER FATHER: "My daughter can never be yours."

Her Lover: "That is obvious, and I do not ask it. I want her to be my wife."

"MUTUAL concessions are the basis of a happy marriage," remarked the bright-faced little woman.

"And you listen to, and never find fault with all the poetry your husband writes?"

"Cheerfully. On the other hand, I can't cook."

TESS: "The idea of his telling you he was going to kiss you! And it was the first time he had ever called upon you, too! What did you say?"

Jess: "I just said: 'I'd like to see you.'"

"Then what did he say?"

"Nothing. He just turned the gas up again."

CLOUDS AS BAROMETERS.

How to Foretell the Weather by Looking Overhead.

"IT is clouding up. It must be going to rain." This is a remark you may hear constantly, and few people seem to realise that the one thing is by no means a consequence of the other. True, all clouds are composed of water vapour, but it is absurd to imagine that because clouds become visible in the sky they are therefore going to discharge their contents upon our heads.

On the contrary, some clouds are actually prophets of fine weather. Cirrus, for instance, or curl cloud, as it is often picturesquely called, is as a rule a fine weather harbinger.

Cirrus is the highest of all clouds. You can tell that by the fact that its thin, twisty, fibrous streaks are illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun long after the earth below is wrapped in shadow. Threads and groups of Cirrus clouds, the finer the better, appearing after a gale, presage a long continuance of settled weather.

On the other hand, if after several fine days Cirrus appears in long, parallel bands stretching right across the sky in the form popularly known as "Mares' tails," there will almost certainly be a change of wind, and probably rain to follow.

Unlike other clouds, Cirrus is composed not of water vapour, but of tiny crystals of ice. You can tell by its motion what are the pace and direction of the highest current of wind. Quietly as it appears to be moving, careful observation has proved that Cirrus sometimes travels at the rate of a mile in eighteen seconds.

Another form of cloud which is usually an accompaniment of fine, warm weather are those cotton-like, whitish balls which are scientifically termed Cumulus.

Early in the morning of a fine summer day Cumulus begins to form as a few soft, scattered specks in the blue above. These specks grow and enlarge without as a rule travelling very fast, for they are formed by vapour ascending from the earth in columns.

By early afternoon they often cover the whole sky, but towards four or five o'clock they usually decrease, and finally vanish by sunset. If they behave in this way you may be almost certain that the ensuing twenty-four hours will be fine.

On the other hand, if the Cumulus clouds increase towards sunset, turn black in their centres, and shine at the edges with an angry light, rain will follow, or in very hot weather thunder.

Thunder is specially foretold by the Cumulus clouds showing rounded, sharply-marked tops with silvery white edges. Cumulus, which turns very dark with black, shaggy edges, means cold rain accompanied by wind.

Cumulus is much the biggest of any form of cloud. A single cloud of this description will measure six or even seven miles from its flat, dark base to its rounded, glistening summit; that is to say, its bulk and height far exceed that of earth's greatest mountains.

The temperature in such a cloud as this has been measured to vary over one hundred and fifty-four degrees—that is from eighty degrees Fahrenheit at the base to seventy-four degrees below zero at its summit.

Stratus is still another form of cloud which presents no special indication of rain. It is more common at night than in the day, and consists of long, horizontal bands of darkish cloud, which lie very low and near the earth's surface.

It rises on calm, clear evenings after warm days, and may often be seen in mountainous districts slowly creeping up the hill sides.

If the sun rises through layers of Stratus it is usually a sign of a fine, warm day to come. After sunrise, Stratus, as a rule, rises higher into the air and slowly disappears.

In early summer, when the weather is showery, you may perhaps notice through breaks in the rain-clouds an appearance of densish white cloudlets in small, irregular tufts brightly irradiated by sunshine. The children call it mackerel sky.

Its real name is Cirro-cumulus, and it is a sure sign of heat, and probably fine weather. Seen in winter, mackerel sky portends a thaw and wet, mild weather. It is the next highest cloud to the Cirrus, and is sometimes called Sonder cloud.

A sure prophet of wind and rain is Cirro-stratus, or vane cloud. It consists of long, thin clouds with torn edges flying at a great height above the earth. It is dull in colour and irregular in shape.

The wettest cloud of all is Nimbus, which is seen in its most perfect form during a thunderstorm. It is a mixture of other clouds, a dense black or grey sheet which often appears to come up against the wind. Usually when it first appears driving up over the horizon its edges are fringed and tipped with rolling masses of Cumulus.

The most ominous sign about a Nimbus cloud is when its advancing summit is tipped with a mass of dense, white, smoky cloud, which seems to roll over and over. This is an omen of severe electrical disturbance and a furious squall, and is, fortunately, more common abroad than in this temperate climate.

Have you sent your contribution to the FRESH AIR FUND yet?

USEFUL SERIES.

Insurance for Everyone

No. 4.

Fire, Accident, Sickness, Burglary, and Infantile Insurance.

FIRE insurance, at all events, does not require much to be said in its favour by way of introduction. It is popular all over the world, and millions of money are paid over to the fire insurance companies annually in the shape of premiums.

One might justly say that only the obstinate, the foolish, or the hopelessly impecunious, neglect a precaution so generally adopted. A fire insurance is cheap enough in all conscience. Householders need only pay two shillings a year for every £100 insured, and it will be pretty clear that only the wealthy ones will need to pay more than a trifling premium.

Certain people, however, have a firm belief in luck, and a corresponding disbelief in this form of insurance.

They are careful in the matter of gas and fires; they have never had any mishap of the sort, and they don't see why they should.

Of course, there is some basis of sense in this argument, for careful people must stand a better chance of escaping this dreaded danger than the unheeding. Yet fire is an "accidental" misfortune, like many other of the adversities for which one ought to prepare.

Benefits of fire insurance.

Your house may be ignited by the burning of adjacent premises, for instance, and no foresight can guard against that. Besides, it is not altogether a question of a wholesale blaze one has to weigh.

If some hot coals pop out of the fire and burn a big hole in your new carpet, you are, unless ready money is no great object, in an awkward position if you are not insured. Or your best curtains may be airing rather close to the fire, and a few sparks may do irreparable damage. Lamps may get overturned; servants may leave their candles guttering, with very unpleasant results.

One has to consider all these possibilities, and also that by paying an almost nominal sum once a year any damage suffered in this direction will promptly be made good by the insuring company.

Accident insurance is another important matter which the public has of late years taken up very seriously. It is no fun to be incapacitated by some accidental injury, which may involve not only a temporary loss of income, but doctors' fees and nursing expenses as well; and people now realise the wisdom of being prepared.

Cheap accident insurance.

For thirty shillings a year one can get quite a substantial range of cover from an accident company. For this premium £250 will be paid in the event of fatal accident, and the same amount if accident causes the loss of two limbs or two eyes.

In the event of temporary total disablement the company will pay thirty shillings a week for the period of disablement (limited to fifty-two weeks). For permanent total disablement not involving loss of limbs or sight an annuity of £7 10s. per annum would be paid; and there are other forms of compensation to meet exceptional cases, which need not now be referred to.

Although the newspapers bristle with reports of accidents, and one hears of such mishaps among one's own circle of acquaintances every day, plenty of otherwise cautious people deliberately prefer to leave the matter to chance—or, they might say, to Providence.

Insure against illness.

The careful man has no intention of stepping on orange peel in the street or walking under a horse's head. Probably he ignores the ruck in the carpet which often leads to a broken leg; certainly, he makes no account of tiles falling from a roof, or collisions with hasty persons coming round corners. But he can hardly ignore the risk of contracting an epidemic or some of the infectious diseases which may be described as accidental rather than constitutional in character.

Doubtless the accident insurance companies had this type of individual in mind when they decided to add a comprehensive list of "catching" diseases to the dangers of injury against which they were offering protection.

Smallpox, typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, pleurisy, lock-jaw, and other similar ailments, may now be covered by a policy in any good accident office, as well as injuries, and, what is more to the point, no extra charge is made for the accommodation. The small premium of thirty shillings mentioned above includes, in addition to the benefits enumerated, compensation to the extent of thirty shillings a week in the event of total incapacity from any of the diseases stated. A larger premium carries, of course, correspondingly bigger benefits.

Persons following dangerous occupations have to pay a slightly higher rate in all cases. But no one can doubt that accident insurance is a good thing, and the few particulars we have given above are sufficient to show that, above all, it is not an expensive luxury.

Burglary insurance was introduced rather less than fifteen years ago. A low scale of rates was offered, and, the burgling community being at that time more than usually busy, the project met with early success, and has since grown into quite a big department of insurance. This is not to be wondered at.

The police profess to know some 80,000 burglars, active professors of the art; how many have not yet come under police surveillance we need not conjecture. We need only bear in mind that our criminal records prove that burglary is increasing, and that insurance against Mr. Sikes' depredations is extremely cheap.

A householder, by insuring the total contents of his house, may get covered at so low a price as 1s. 6d. for every £100.

Of course, every man who pays premium for burglary insurance grumbles that his house is never burgled. On the other hand, the uninsured man who *does* receive a midnight visitor, and awakes to find himself considerably the poorer for it, is easy enough to persuade as to the advantage of burglary insurance. We have often heard of the readiness of some persons to shut the stable door after the horse is stolen.

Burglars know what's what.

The great point about burglary is that a careful selection is always made of the most valuable articles for removal. There is no promiscuousness as in fire, but clocks, plate, valuable china (if you have any), and just those items which are the most difficult and most expensive to replace, are found to be missing after the burglar's visit.

Then, indeed, the insured individual, though some of his loss may be, for personal reasons, irreparable, may look upon the havoc with comparative calmness. The company will make good pecuniarily all the proved loss, and we are bound to say burglary offices are really both prompt and generous in making settlements of the claims upon them.

Where these companies get badly hit sometimes is in the big burglaries of jewellers' stock, which one reads about every now and then. Such risks are usually "cut up" among several companies in comparatively small amounts for obvious reasons.

No harm in insuring children.

Insurance of children, especially insurance of mere infants, is very largely misunderstood. Terrible cases are occasionally brought into our courts of law where child-murder is the charge, and a little paltry insurance money the alleged incentive.

Such cases naturally arouse public abhorrence; unfortunately they also distort public judgment. Not only casual readers of the newspapers, but well-informed M.P.'s and learned judges (who ought to know more about the law of averages), proceed to found on these isolated instances a firm opinion that insurance of children is, in itself, a temptation to evil, and that it should be abolished.

The inquiries and "commissions" which have been held on the subject, however, have shown that no proper ground exists for such a contention.

The insurance of infants under five is limited by law to £6; up to ten years of age a child can only be insured for £10 altogether. The money can only be paid to parents or guardians of the dead child, and the Government insists upon special certificates of death being obtained.

Days of child murder over.

It is clear from these precautions that the Legislature does not make the business of baby-murder an easy or a profitable one. As a fact, the insurance is intended to provide burial expenses, and, perhaps, a few articles of "mourning."

The enormous number of policies of this description issued annually among the industrial classes shows that they, at least, appreciate the scheme, and that it is a widespread benefit.

Occasional abuses of the system are really insignificant in relation to the total number of policies issued.

Furthermore, statistics tell us that the death rate among insured children is actually less than that among uninsured children. This is a knock-over blow for the "abolitionists," unless they have some fresh compilation of figures to bring forward to counteract the force of it.

In any case, the murder of little children for the sake of insurance money by inhuman parents makes a very small impression upon the general statistics of insurance mortality. Such gruesome incidents are rather for the compiler of criminal records. They should no more be permitted to prejudice the scheme of child insurance than the promotion of a rotten company should be allowed to discredit the general status of financial enterprise.

[Next Article: The Criminal in the Insurance Field.]

DESTROYING STATE SECRETS.

How old Government Documents and Wastepaper are Dealt With.

IN a Westminster side street, not far from the Government offices, there is an unpretentious-looking building within which thousands of State secrets, some of which any enterprising journalist would have risked his life to become possessed of, have been wiped from human ken during the last few years; or, to put it more clearly and less thrillingly, where the wastepaper from the Government offices is secretly sorted, and either destroyed or disposed of.

Until comparatively recently official" wastepaper used to be shot into certain prisons, sorted by the convicts, and then sold to whosoever would buy.

It was found, however, that the more intelligent prisoners sometimes possessed themselves of information that was scarcely intended for them—one or two made excellent use of information they gathered in this way—and consequently the Government decided to safeguard its valuable rubbish, and established the present sorting and destroying house.

And when we consider that more than three thousand tons of wastepaper have to be cleared out of the State offices in the course of every year, and they now return a clear profit of about £2 per ton, whereas at one time they yielded nothing, the step was certainly justified.

Some sixty tons of wastepaper in huge sacks arrive at the sorting house every week. It is systematically taken in hand by a large staff of women, who, however, have little or nothing to do with any sacks of paper which may contain important State secrets.

The stuff they sort is mainly made up of used envelopes, letters, telegrams, newspapers, and official reports, which are merely sorted into different lots to be stored away until there is sufficient of each kind for tenders for purchase to be invited.

The rubbish from the wastepaper baskets of the Foreign Secretary, his secretaries, and the other high officials of the Foreign Office staff, arrives in distinctly marked sacks, and is taken in hand by responsible persons, whose duty it is to see that it is at once cut up into such minute pieces as could not possibly be fitted together again.

For this work a machine called a guillotine—similar in principle to a chaff-cutter—is used. Driven by steam, it is capable of cutting up many more tons of paper a day than the Foreign Office supplies.

There are, however, other confidential papers to be guillotined than those which emanate from the Foreign Office; every Government office sends contributions of wastepaper, which has to be cut up into shreds in order to secure it to secrecy.

But it is, of course, from the Foreign Office, the War Office, and the Admiralty that the most valuable and important secret papers come.

Many a sack of Foreign Office wastepaper would realise an immense sum of money if its contents could be pieced together and sold to foreign Governments. But having once passed through the guillotine, it is worth little, and is merely disposed of to a certain paper-miller for repulping and re-issue.

Thus many lively State secrets are going about unrecognised in their new form. It is interesting to think that one may possess, perhaps bound up among the thrilling pages of a work on Common Law or a medical directory, or even round one's neck in the form of a paper collar, a State secret, which, had it been known to a foreign Government, would have changed the map of the world.

Besides mere wastepaper, more than one hundred tons of account-books are dealt with every year. The covers of these, stripped of their contents, fetch capital prices per ton, since they consist of very stout boards and good leather, which admits of being used up again in a variety of ways—made into smaller book-bindings, boxes, pocket-books, cheap purses, and even into boots and shoes.

From every Government office in the country wastepaper pours in at the Westminster sorting-house, so it is easily conceivable how the immense total of wastepaper is reached.

Now and then it happens that a bit of valuable paper gets accidentally into one of the waste-sacks, and causes an immense amount of trouble.

A few months ago a few documents, to compile which had cost nearly £4,000, inadvertently got into a waste-sack at a provincial office.

The papers were not missed until some time after the sacks had been sent up to London to be sorted and destroyed, and when it became morally certain that they had been sent in the sacks, piteous telegrams were received at Westminster begging that nothing should be touched until the documents in question were discovered. These were quickly followed by an agitated official, who, to his intense relief, found the papers all ready prepared for the guillotine.

It was estimated that to have re-compiled the statistics dealt with in those papers would have cost the country £12,000, so that their destruction would have wiped out about two years' profits from the sorting-house.

The June number of THE RAPID REVIEW is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

Awkward Experiences Related by *P.W.*'s Special Inquirer.

THAT quaint individual who describes himself as *P.W.*, and gets all sorts of interesting information from the strangest of quarters, has been in some queer positions in his search for "copy." As one of those claiming the proud initials, perhaps a few of my plights may interest readers.

Once, by the skin of my teeth, I narrowly escaped becoming ordained for the Church of England. I was preparing an article on the etiquette of bishops, and, to secure the information, had to interview a very well known prelate who had kindly consented to receive me at his palace.

On calling I was shown into a waiting-room, in which waited some half dozen other gentlemen, rather of my own age and type. Supposing them to be, perhaps, pressmen anxious to get the same information as myself—we're a conceited lot, we *P.W.s*—I determined to get in first to see the bishop, so edged towards the door. Shortly afterwards a private secretary entered, and, singling me out, said:

"Please come this way."

I nearly become a clergyman.

Congratulating myself on my luck, and picturing the discomfiture of the other scribes, I walked into the room in which the great ecclesiastic sat. Before I had time to announce myself, the prelate said:

"Well, now, Mr. Blank, what, for instance, would you do if called upon to administer consolation to a dying man?"

Then the horrible truth dawned on me. He thought I was a candidate for ordination, and was beginning to examine me. Fortunately, he was a very genial bishop, and when I explained who I really was, he was not a bit annoyed, but very much amused. Those other fellows were not pressmen at all, but would-be clerics, who were really waiting to be ordained.

That was, of course, one of my most "tony" experiences. Usually, I am mistaken for a person anything but respectable, for mine is a career teeming with mystery.

For instance, I am probably well known to the police. My finger-marks and footprints are no doubt carefully kept by Scotland Yard. Not, if you please, because I am in any sense a criminal, but the nature of my duties makes me a distinctly "suspicious person" or "loiterer."

The company I have kept.

I am a "frequenter" of many dubious places, and some of my acquaintances would not be received in the best, or even the worst, social circles. In fact, to produce a number of interesting articles from time to time, I have had to call every man my brother, and sit in judgment on nobody.

I have gaily chatted for hours with thieves, sharpers, confidence tricksters. I have walked the streets with organ-grinders, tramps, and sandwichmen. As the police always judge a man by the company he keeps, their judgment of myself, if formed, would be decidedly racy reading.

One day a man called upon the Editor, saying that he had some interesting stories to tell of certain frauds then being practised. The Editor knew nothing of the man's antecedents, but handed him over to me, with the instruction that I was to take the information he had, and report on its value for publication purposes. To induce the man to talk agreeably, I took him to a *café*, where he had refreshment and a cigar at my expense.

As a result of this experience I myself am quite possibly now known to the police and under strict observation, for my companion on this occasion was himself an ex-gaolbird—though I did not know it—and his hour's conversation with myself cannot have failed to strike a detective observer as suspicious for me.

I am taken for a trickster.

I have probably been set down many times as a confidence trickster of the commoner sort. I shall not be in the least surprised if one of these days I am actually arrested on suspicion of "loitering" with felonious intent. One experience alone was enough to fix this for me.

I was told off to secure a first-hand account of the impressions of a party of countrymen visiting London for the first time. All I knew was that they would arrive at King's Cross on a certain morning.

I proceeded to that terminus and "loitered" for some time in expectation of the arrival of the train; but after awhile I learnt that a party corresponding with the one I sought had arrived quite early that morning.

I transferred my loitering to the central parts of London. After hunting about St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, and other places, I finally identified my countrymen in Westminster Abbey.

I loitered about for some time, carefully observed by the police, until they emerged from the church. Then, on a pretext, I stopped one or two of them, and entered into conversation. I walked for some distance with my new friends, and showed myself very genial to them, explaining various points of interest.

We had gone some little way when we walked full tilt into a clerical gentleman, who was in charge of the party. Looking at me very sharply, he said:

"Who are you, sir? Be off, or I'll put the police on to you." And had I not produced my card with the magic words *Pearson's Weekly* on it, I don't know quite what might have happened to me. Anyhow, that appeased the clergyman very much, and we became quite friendly.

Had anybody once seen me crouching behind a coil of rope on the deck of a P. and O. liner a few hours before the vessel was due to sail, I might have found myself ignominiously turned off as a stowaway. But I was not really anything of the kind. I had been asking for some information on the subject of the fire and boat drill which takes place before the sailing of every big ship, and one of the officers had said to me:

"You mustn't watch the drill, as it's against regulations, but if you like to get behind that coil, you can see for yourself. Only don't let the directors observe you."

How I obtain information.

You know, of course, that if we journalists do not tell deliberate fibs as to our identity, we sometimes allow people to think us other than we are.

For instance, you want access to certain Government papers, not for publication. Calling at the Board of Trade, you are told to go to the Admiralty. On arrival at the latter place, you say with strict truth:

"I'm from the Board of Trade, and want to just look at those shipping returns of yours."

Of course, they think you're a Board of Trade official, and show you into the department where the information is to be obtained. If they like to give it to you, well, that is their affair. You merely said you were from the Board of Trade, which was the entire truth, as you had just been there.

P.W. has more than once been guilty of this little deception, but never in any way which is against the public interest. Of course, *P.W.* would never publish anything obtained by unfair means. An instance in point may show you how the reverse is the case.

I had once gained access to a prominent War Office official, who was under the impression that I represented a well-known firm of contractors, who happened to have the same name as my own employers.

I hear a Government secret.

I was being informed on the matter I was investigating and was sitting carelessly in the official's armchair. In the midst of the chat, another official entered, and, evidently supposing me to be in the department, or at any rate, in the confidence of the department, he proceeded to read out a most important telegram received from the seat of a foreign war.

Now, that telegram would have been worth many pounds if sold to a newspaper, but I need hardly say that I made no use whatever of it.

The ruses of *P.W.* are entirely harmless, and only intended to get certain general information which might not be given otherwise to the Press for mere reasons of red tape. On no account would a representative worm out an official secret by false pretences.

Another queer position I was placed in was over an article on the Church Army, a meeting of which I had been attending while waiting for a well-known divine. Supposing me to be one of the speakers—I have a rather clerical appearance, and dress always in modest black—I was publicly invited to offer a special prayer at the meeting! My embarrassment can be imagined, and it was with many a blush that I avoided the duty.

I have an awkward interview.

Once, in investigating a certain medical matter with a doctor, I was asked to help administer an anæsthetic to a powerful seaman by holding him bodily down on to a couch. The operation was one which required a great deal of personal nerve to witness alone, and I think I came very near to fainting before my own work was over.

One experience, however, is graven on my memory as one of the worst I have ever endured. To secure facts for an article on the stage, I had to interview a well-known musical comedy actress. This took place a very few days after my engagement to a certain young lady to whom I have since been married.

I met the actress at her mother's residence, and was just securing a few vital facts with which to close the article, when it was announced that her motor-carriage was waiting to take her to the theatre. To my surprise, the lady said, in the most unconcerned way:

"If you care to drive with me a little way, I can tell you the rest of that article."

I thoughtlessly consented, and, to my horror, on passing into Bond Street, who should be walking there and watching me but my *fiancée!* What she said on our next meeting, and how I replied, I don't care to recall.

It took a lot of talk about my journalistic duties, however, to explain that unfortunate drive; and not until the article appeared in black and white a few weeks later could the affair be considered closed.

The moral of this article is "judge a man by his company," but not if he happens to be *P.W.*

PROFESSIONS THE BLIND CAN FOLLOW.

They Can Be Musicians, Typists, Authors, and Parsons, Among Other Things.

A VERY large number of professions nowadays are open to the blind. Chief amongst these is that of music. From the proud position of prima donna, or concert pianist, down to the humbler branches of pianoforte-tuning, music opens its arms to the entry of the sightless.

Mendel, the blind pianist, recently earned the rapturous praise of critics for his magnificent playing. He has a repertory of a thousand pieces of all kinds, and his touch has been pronounced perfect by fellow-pianists. He has wonderful powers of memory and extemporisation.

Of course, the art of music can be taught in all its branches to a man without the aid of written notes. The pupil is taught by familiarity with the sounds themselves, and may often gain a finer knowledge of the art than the man who scribbles exercises on reams of paper.

Hundreds of blind persons to-day engage in the occupations of music teachers, organists, and piano-tuners. In the latter profession, the person possessed of a good musical ear, but no special talent, may be almost sure of a living.

The pupils of the Normal College for the Blind in a recent year made the sum of £25,000 from their work, and most of these engaged in musical pursuits.

If the keys of the piano afford the means of a livelihood to the sightless, so also do the keys of the typewriter.

The most marvellously clear typewriting is being done by the blind, and on the same machines as those in use by those who possess sight, the only difference being the use of punctured slips in blind notation instead of the "copy" otherwise in vogue.

There is, too, more than one system of blind shorthand, by which the afflicted person can qualify to be at once shorthand writer and typist.

The records of prowess on the part of blind people contain, of course, some marvellous prodigies. However, these have been generally persons well-born and wealthy, or gifted in an extraordinary degree.

Fawcett, the blind statesman, we know, but that wonderful man had already reached a high degree of mental power before becoming afflicted.

The proprietor of the NEW YORK WORLD, Mr. Pulitzer, is blind, and daily transacts not only the business of that vast newspaper, but scores of other matters affecting the investment of his fortune and the management of his property. He, too, had made his position before affliction.

The President of the Second National Bank of Orange, New Jersey, is blind, but daily attends to his business, besides controlling various industries and properties.

It is not, therefore, difficult to find occupation, if one happens to be born in good circumstances. In fact, there are few positions one could not fill under such conditions, from the Premiership downwards.

Authorship is as open to a blind man as it is to one possessing his sight, providing, of course, that the author can command assistance from a secretary. Journalism, too, is a hopeful field for the blind man.

One London journalist, who, amongst other things, knows some seven European languages, had the misfortune to lose his sight a few years ago. Not only was his position unaffected, but he was able to continue work with unimpaired energy, with the aid of a secretary.

Foreign newspapers are regularly read out to him by his secretary, and the blind journalist translates each passage as it is read out. This done, he dictates the articles into suitable form for publication, and continues to earn a large weekly wage.

The Church is a profession open to the blind, as also is the law, if the afflicted has the means to enable him to go in for either. There are several blind solicitors, and more than one blind barrister practising at the courts.

A blind architect is no impossibility, but a reality. In Boston there are several huge houses designed by a Mr. Reardon, who is absolutely blind.

Certain crafts are most suitable for the fingers of the blind, and many of the afflicted regularly work at them, and make money. Amongst these may be mentioned brush and broom making, the manufacture of baskets and mats, chair caning, wood-chopping, and mattress making.

Some seventy or eighty blind people earn regular wages at these trades at an institution in Tottenham Court Road, known as the "Association for Promoting the Welfare of the Blind." Rows of patient craftsmen may be seen there turning out brushes and brooms, nimbly manipulating reeds.

Blind mat makers do splendid work, and are very thorough. Wood-chopping, if only to be done by a blind man with great deliberation, nevertheless, occupies some scores of them.

A profession by no means closed to the blind man—and one for which he might be specially suited—is tea-tasting.

The blind man's senses of taste and smell are supposed to be over strongly developed, and it is only natural that he should shine in such a profession as that mentioned. The occupation is not one much relished by those who go in for it, and they might well relinquish it to others who would find it a real source of existence.

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Gladstone Bag, 18in.; real brown cowhide; strong leather straps; nickel silver fittings, &c.; never used; sacrifice, 21/-, cost £4 4s. Approval.

10/6 Gent's magnificent 18-carat gold-cased **Chronograph Stop-Watch**, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' written warranty. Also fashionable **Curb** (pocket to pocket) **Double Albert**, same quality (stamped and guaranteed), with handsome **Seal** attached; three together 10/6. Approval.

6/6 Curb Chain Bracelet, with padlock and safety chain; 18-carat rolled gold (stamped and guaranteed) in velvet case. Approval willingly.

7/6 Fashionable Long Neck Chain, genuine 18-carat rolled gold (stamped), beautifully finished very choice design. Approval willingly.

10/6 Organ-Tone Melodeon, magnificent 10/- instrument, 12-fold bellows, (metal bound), 3 sets steel bronze reeds, and 4 acting stops, rich powerful tone; perfect order. Approval.

8/6 Powerful Field Glasses, by celebrated optician (Le Gautier, Paris); 60 miles' range, 6 achromatic lenses (guaranteed), nickel silver eyeshades, in leather sling case—sacrifice 8/6—approval.

Any of the above articles sent on approval willingly.
J. M. Davis, Pawnbroker and Jeweller, 284 Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Books.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study, and produces the highest speed. Send for free descriptive booklet.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

Books Bought.—Any quantity for cash. List of 10,000 free.—Juckes, Book Merchants, Birmingham.

No More Broken Mantles.—New Incandescent Metal Mantles, patent 2882, practically unbreakable, 70-candle-power, white light, 6d., post free, 4/9 dozen.—Crossley's, 174A Fountains Road, Walton Road, Liverpool.

Nits Banished Completely by three applications of Sunflower Pomade, 6d. per tin, post free; large size, 1/-.—Livesey, Chemist, Preston.

12 different Engraved **View Post-cards**, posted singly, 1/-.—Willcocks, Barwick St., Birmingham.

Weary of your Bronchitis and old cough? Write for free sample of Coraloids, enclosing penny stamp for postage.—Coraloids Co., Southport.

Bicycles, £3 3s. cash, or 10 monthly payments of 14s.; two brakes, free wheel, plated rims, Clincher tyres, two years' guarantee; absolutely reliable [illegible] machines, direct from factory; tremendous reduction on account of huge stock.—George Beeson, Manufacturer, 120 Coach Street, Birmingham.

Sunlight, Lifebuoy Tops wanted, 1/- 100. Matchless, whole, 1/3.—Taylor, 43 George St., Hull.

Ladies Black Canvas Shoes, good leather soles, flat heels, box calf toe-caps, laced. Send size and 2/6.—Times Boot Co., Castleford, Yorkshire.

Fine old Sheffield Plated Epergne, with four branches convertible to candelabra, £12 10s.—Witt, Pawnbroker, Weston-super-Mare.

Bankrupt Stock, 36 Field or Opera Glass, 4/6 each with case.—Witt, Pawnbroker, Weston-super-Mare.

Pair Prismatic Binoculars, 8x, very powerful, £7 10s., for £4 15s.—Witt, Pawnbroker, Weston-super-Mare.

10/6 silver mounted Fountain Pens, 2/6 each; warranted perfect.—Witt, Pawnbroker, Weston-super-Mare.

75/- Pair solid Silver Fish Carvers, 30/-; never used; genuine bargain.—Witt, Pawnbroker, Weston-super-Mare.

12/6 Half Dozen silver-plated **Dessert Knives and Forks**, 12/6; warranted.—Witt, Pawnbroker, Weston-super-Mare.

False Teeth.—The New Method of fixing your present Artificial Teeth in your mouth without alteration, as firmly as teeth provided by nature. Full particulars free (and under cover) on application to Colledent Co. (No. 4 Department), 217 Graham Road, London, N.E.

Eczema and all Skin Eruptions.—A victim who was cured after five years' suffering will gladly send full particulars of an inexpensive guaranteed cure on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Address; C. T. Pedderne, 3 Swallow Street, Piccadilly, London.

Music.—24/- Parcel Ballads, Comic Songs, or Pieces, post free 1/2.—Clark, 93 High Street, Guildford.

Tweeds.—Irish and Saxony Tweeds (Ladies an Gents), all wool; latest designs; any length cut; carriage paid; patterns post free. Alexander Sim and Co., Manufacturers, Collooney, County Sligo. Please mention "Pearson's Weekly."

Old Artificial Teeth Bought.—Money sent return post; if price not accepted, teeth returned.—F. Pearce, 16 Granville Road, Hove, Brighton.

Visiting Cards.—50 gilt-edged ivory cards, printed name and address 1/-, 100 1/6; write for samples.—Crosby, Spring Hill, Birmingham.

Your Cycle Replated.—Reliable Silverplat ng Compounds, 1/3 per bottle. Samuel Ridge, Monk Road, Truro, Cornwall.

Teeth by Instalments.—46 Edgware Rd., W.

Summer Costumes.—"Flaxzella" (real Irish linen), natural and art colours, washable; makes effective, comfortable costumes. From 1/- yard. Samples post free.—Hutton's, Room 74, Larne Ireland.

Great Clearance Sale. Full List Post Free on Application.

9/6. Gent's magnificent 18-carat gold-cased **Chronograph Stop Watch**, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 15 years' written warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, double **Curb Albert**, Seal attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear, worth £3 3s. Three together, 9/6. Approval before payment.

12/6. Lady's £6 6s. solid gold (stamped) **Keyless Watch**, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved 10 years' warranty, week's trial. Sacrifice, 12/6.

12/6. Sheffield Cutlery, £3 3s. Service, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers and Steel; Crayford Ivory handles; sacrifice, 12/6. Approval.

9/6. Field, Race or Marine Glass, £4 4s. military binocular, 60 miles' range, 12 achromatic crystal lenses, wide field, in saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice, 9/6. Approval before payment.

8/6. Magnificent £3 3s. [illegible]-plate **Hand Camera**; takes 12 plates, time, snapshot shutter, with printing accessories; sacrifice, 8/6. Approval willingly.

10/6. Lady's £3 3s. solid gold, hall-marked diamond and emerald double **Half-hoop Ring**; large, lustrous stones; sacrifice, 10/6. Approval.

G. R. DAVIS, Pawnbroker and Jeweller, 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

Bookkeeping Taught in a few lessons by practical Bookkeeper. Send post-card for terms to Robson, 22 Coniston Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Lady Makes handsome Tenerife **Doyleys**; lovely presents, only 1/- each.—Peacock, Westgate, Guisborough.

16/6.—Fashionable **Black Suits**, vertical breast pockets; state chest measurement.—Cookson, Chelmsford Street, Lincoln.

Hairdressers' Tools, requisites, lists free; trade only.—Fram Razor Co., 33 Cambridge St., B'm'gham.

Superior Silverplated Alberts, 1/3.—Cowen, Wynn Street, Birmingham.

A Wonderful Discovery, how to keep cage birds and poultry free from parasite. Stamp for particulars.—Erith Novelty Co., Erith, Kent.

Painful Corns and Bunions removed quickly by using Hodgson's Corn Salve. Boxes, post free, 8½d. and 1/1½.—Chemist, 4 Chester Road, Sunderland.

Pawnbroker's Sale.

Gent's magnificent 18-carat gold-cased **Chronograph Stop Watch**, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; 10 years' written warranty; also fashionable **Curb** (pocket to pocket) **Double Albert**, same quality (stamped and guaranteed), with handsome seal attached; three together, sacrifice for 10/6. Approval before payment.

Lady's handsome 18-carat gold-cased **Keyless Watch**, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long **Watch Guard**, same quality (stamped and guaranteed); elegant West End pattern; two together, 10/6; great sacrifice; approval before payment.

Fashionable Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet 18-carat rolled gold (stamped), in handsome case, 6/6; another, heavier quality, large and thick links (stamped), sacrifice, 8/6; approval before payment.

A Bargain—6/6—Lady's real Opal and Diamond **Half-hoop Ring**; solid gold, government hall-marked; set with four real diamonds, and three matchless opals; approval.

Field, Race, or Marine Glass, high power, military binocular, 12 achromatic crystal lenses, 60 miles' range, wide field, in saddler-made sling case, sacrifice 10/6—approval before payment.

A. Davis, Pawnbroker and Jeweller, 324 High Road, Chiswick, London, W.

Free.—Pocket Rubber Stamp of your name and address; also particulars of Money-making Sparetime Agency. Rickford's, Snow Hill, London.

Prophetic Reading from Photo.—Send stamped envelope, 6d. P.O., to Psychometrist, 66 Westmoreland Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Charming Coloured Miniatures from any photo, 1/-; in Silver Pendant 1/6, Gold 4/-; samples sent.—Chapman, Artist, Pontypridd.

£3 per Week easily earned by advertisement writers. Prospectus free. Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. Y), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study, and produces the highest speed. Send for free descriptive booklet.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

£10 Starts Business as Tobacconist, Confectioner, Fancy Dealer. Illustrated Guide 4 stamps. Fraenkels, C Depart., 129, 130, Houndsditch, London.

500 Heavy Serge Costume Skirts, must be cleared, enormous sacrifice; black or navy, nicely strapped, reduced to only 2/9 each; two for 5/-; worth treble; carriage 6d.; all sizes up to 30in. waist and 42in. length. Send at once, and if not satisfied money returned.—Gray Stewart (Dept. 74), 25 Milton Street, London, E.C.

Flatulency, Spasms, Dyspepsia, unique remedy, immediate relief; send 4 stamps for inexpensive recipe to S. Ratcliffe, 42 Sherwin Street, Nottingham.

12 Photo Post-Cards, artistically reproduced from any photograph, 2/-.—Photo Reproduction Co., 42 Second Avenue, Leeds.

Art Work at Home.—Tinting prints, postcards, etc., easily acquired; good prices.—Addressed envelope, Art Co., 8 Gt. James Street, London, W.C.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. A. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 133 Oxford Street, London. (Estab. 100 years.)

Surgical Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 20), Broadheath Rubber Works, Altrincham. Surgical and Medical Rubber Goods Manufacturers. Specialists in travelling requisites for both sexes. Porous Rubber Bandages, Elastic Stockings, &c., &c. Goods not approved of exchanged. Illustrated lists free.

Splendid Suit Lengths, 10/- to 20/-; latest novelties in Worsteds, Vicunas, Tweeds; patterns free, carriage paid.—Arthur Littlewood, Manufacturer, Honley, Yorks.

Stamps.—Thirteen different Japanese, 2½d. Price lists free.—F. W. Wood & Co., South Tottenham, N.

TO CURE DRUNKARDS

FREE TRIAL

OF A FAMOUS REMEDY

That has guided many young men to sobriety and into the high road to fortune; has saved fathers, brothers, and sons.

There is a cure for drunkenness which has shed its radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate homes. It does its work so silently and surely that, while the devoted wife, sister, or brother looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will or without his knowledge or co-operation.

This famous remedy is the one sure cure for drunkenness. **FREE TRIAL TREATMENTS** are given to all, and if you send your name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 33, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post you enough of the remedy to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food. It will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

MRS. GEORGE FULLER says:—"*I am only too thankful my husband now never wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidipso in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him.*"

With the Free Trial Packet will be sent books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured and everything needed to save those near and dear to you. Don't neglect to write to-day.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

Before Turning Out a Pudding always let it stand for three or four minutes to allow the steam to escape.

The Heat of the Oven. Small cakes and castle puddings require a hot oven with the shelf put near the top, but large, rich cakes require slow baking after the first twenty minutes.

A Hint for Broken Beetroot. To prevent a beetroot that is broken from losing its colour in cooking, burn it with a red-hot poker. This will form a new skin and prevent it bleeding.

Baked Milk tastes very like cream and is most nourishing. Put new rich milk into a stone jar, with a cover, and bake for several hours in a steady, moderate oven. If you have not a cover for the jar, cover with greased paper, and tie down carefully. Served cold with stewed fruit this is excellent.

Hot Water Cans and Jugs will last much longer if, instead of being hung in the usual way, they are turned upside down directly they are emptied. I always keep a zinc tray in the pantry for this purpose. It is the few drops of water in the bottom which cause them to rust into holes.

Baked Fish has far more flavour than boiled, though it does not look so nice. The fish should be placed on a greased tin, covered with buttered paper, and cooked in a moderate oven. The cook should be very careful in baking fish not to dry it up. Serve with a good white sauce poured over, and garnished with chopped parsley, capers, lemon, or hard-boiled egg. Fillets of plaice tied in knots and cooked like this are excellent.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole. Take equal weights of the fruit and best cane loaf sugar; lay the former on a large dish and sprinkle half the sugar over, giving a gentle shake to the dish so that the sugar may touch the under side of the fruit. Next day make a thin syrup with the rest of the sugar, and instead of water allow one pint of red currant juice to every pound of strawberries; in this simmer the fruit until sufficiently jellied. Choose the red strawberries when not dead ripe. When cold cover each jar with melted mutton suet.

Chocolate Sponge. Into a basin put one ounce of cornflour, and three ounces of grated chocolate; mix this smoothly with cold milk to a thin paste. Put the remainder of a pint of milk on to boil, pour it on to the mixture, stirring thoroughly; dissolve rather less than half an ounce of gelatine in some milk, and then add it to the other ingredients. Stir while all cooks for seven minutes. Add the beaten yolk of an egg, sugar to taste, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Pour into a large basin, and when the mixture commences to set whisk it till a sponge. Pour into a wet mould and turn out when set. (*Reply to* A. W.)

I Think I Can Help You. If you glance at the sketch in the margin you will see a design for a smart and useful little coat, and one that is particularly adaptable to a linen material. Perhaps it has not occurred to many of my readers that with the aid of a reliable pattern and directions they can make their own clothes at quite a moderate cost compared with the ready-made garments which are sold in the shops, and often mean a considerable outlay. A paper pattern of this pretty little linen coat is given away with every copy of that useful ladies' periodical, HOME NOTES, this week, and one of the skirt will be given away with the issue dated June 30th, 1904, which, by-the-way, will be the Summer Double Fashion Number. Price 2d. (*Reply to* J. P., Frome.)

When Cooking Gooseberries, a good pinch of salt added, as well as sugar, will greatly counteract the acidity.

In Economical Cookery, flavour soups and gravies with vinegar instead of sherry. Very little difference will be detected.

In Boiling Salmon, try the effect of a pinch of carbonate of soda in the water. This makes the fish a beautiful colour, and does not spoil the taste in any way.

Try Glycerine for Removing Stains of tea and coffee from table linen. Procure it of good quality, and with it rub the affected parts, afterwards wash the linen in the ordinary way.

To Test an Oven for Baking Sponge and Pound Cakes, put into the oven a piece of white paper; look at it after five minutes, when it should be yellow if the heat is right.

Wash Lisle Thread Stockings in tepid water with a little blue; use only boiled soap, and that for the feet only. Rinse thoroughly in water containing a few drops of ammonia, and hang to dry, but not in the sun.

An Excellent Furniture Polish. Dip a chamois leather in tepid water, take it out and wring it dry. Rub the furniture with this and it will remove all finger marks, stains, etc., more effectually than any prepared polish, and will make the wood appear as good as new. (*Thanks to* MEARS.)

To Clean Brown Boots. First put the boots on the "trees." Then put a little soda in some tepid water. Wash the boots with saddle soap, using it as dry as possible, on a soft bit of flannel. Wipe off the soap, but do not make the leather very wet. Leave in the air to dry. Then polish with any good brown boot polish. (*Reply to* CARDIFF.)

Ink Can be Removed from Paper, if the stain is not too old, as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime, and add just enough water to cover it. Take a soft cloth, moisten it in the mixture, and pat (do not rub) the stain gently, and it will slowly disappear. If one application is not enough, try a second. (*Reply to* REGULAR READER.)

Welsh Nectar. Ingredients: Three lemons, one pound of raisins, two pounds of loaf sugar, two gallons of boiling water. Peel the lemons very thinly, pour upon them the boiling water, and, when cold, add the strained juice of the lemons, the sugar, and the raisins stoned and chopped very fine. Let this stand four or five days, stirring it every day, then strain it, and bottle for future use. (*Reply to* JACKSON.)

Stewed Figs make a dainty sweet course, as follows: Cover the dry figs with cold water, add a strip of lemon peel, and a few lumps of sugar, cook gently till tender. Cut neat square slices of sponge cake, arrange two stewed figs on each, pour over a little of the syrup just to soak the cake, and pile a spoonful of whipped cream on the top; dust the top with a little pink sugar, or dried and pounded cake crumbs. (*Reply to* DAVOS.)

Fruit Blancmange. Take a pound of any sharp, fresh fruit, such as rhubarb, currants, and gooseberries; stew it with half a pint of water and two ounces of sugar till tender, strain through a tammy sieve. Measure the liquor, put a pint into a stewpan, and moisten the cornflour with cold water. When the juice comes to the boil, pour it on to the cornflour, which should be quickly stirred. Return all to the stewpan and stir while it boils for a few minutes. Pour into a wet mould. Serve with cream or custard.

Stewed Breast of Veal. Remove the underneath bone, cut the breast in half, then divide into convenient pieces. Put two ounces of butter in a frying-pan (the same quantity of clarified dripping will do if economy is an object). Dredge the meat with flour and fry it a nice brown; place it in a stew-pan with a bunch of savoury herbs and parsley, six green onions, two blades of mace, three cloves, a thin strip of lemon peel, half a teaspoonful of white pepper, two tablespoonfuls of salt, six of allspice, and sufficient warm water to cover the meat. Put the cover on the pot and let the contents stew gently for quite two hours. When the meat is tender strain off some of the liquor, thicken it with browned flour, add two tablespoonfuls each of tomato ketchup and sherry. Dish the meat, pour the sauce over, and garnish with forcemeat balls, curled and fried rashers of bacon, and green peas. (*Reply to* TITMOUSE.)

Isobel

WHY WOMEN SHOULD NOT BE LAWYERS.

BY A DISAPPOINTED WOULD-BE PORTIA.

DEEP down in his secret heart man is afraid of the modern woman, much as he may try to bluff her into believing he regards her as infinitely his inferior.

In those dim and distant days, now more than a hundred years ago, when a few women foresaw the brilliant future that promised for their sex, and set about fighting to win it, man laughed, and, without any definite scheme of opposition, nevertheless determined to oppose every movement that tended to the emancipation and freedom of woman.

This has been his persistent course, but, whereas in the early days of the woman movement he laughed to scorn her chance of progress, he now has to acknowledge that progress an accomplished fact, and secretly fears her in consequence.

The idea of a lady doctor a few years ago was an occasion for derisive mirth; to-day she moves about the sick and suffering, both abroad and in this country, doing a work equal in every way to that of a man in the same position.

Other similarly guarded callings have been forced to open their doors to women, but one yet remains an unconquered citadel—the law.

In vain has woman tried to effect an entry into the sacred precincts of the Inns, but man, feeling this fort his own, resolutely refused, and refuses, her right of admission.

But why the mere man should so strenuously oppose woman's entry to the law has proved a problem to many minds, though really its solution is not so far to seek.

In the first place, of course, the old heredity of opposition has to be followed, but that is now a mere form, which woman scorns without fear.

The question of certain dinners, too, that have to be eaten yearly disturbs the mind of man very considerably, since where he can he prefers to feed in company of his own sex alone.

But it is the wig and gown which of all considerations most upset him. For generations his admiration of himself in these garments has defied description. Never mind how faulty may be the fit of the wig, how rusty the black of the gown, they are his, briefless or briefed, wholly and solely to command.

To and fro from the Law Courts to the Temple he has strutted garbed in the uniform of the Law, and puffed up with the immense delusion that every passing woman has been struck by his importance.

But the effect of the apparition has been to make woman see possibilities for herself, not man, beneath the flowing gown; therefore, when she duly made known her legal capacities, man saw his own chance for cheap effect torn from his power, and thereupon swore that in no legal office should his rival take part.

Flights of imagination revealed not only the lawyer's office and barrister's chambers invaded by the fair sex, but even the Bench itself, before which the hero of the past would have to plead.

There would be no going home to a simple, trusting wife, and spinning a long yarn as to his wonderful oratorical prowess, his wife would know exactly how he stammered and squirmed before Miss Justice So-and-so, and how his nervous defence amused the various lady K.C.s engaged upon the case.

He would simply have to hang his hat in the hall, and repeat the formal result of the case, without any word painting about his own genius, whereby half the charm of life would be lost, for whatever his "littleness" may be to the outside world, every man likes to paint himself big in the eyes of his wife.

Again, jealousy plays a prominent part in the opposition the would-be legal lady receives. Man not only wants the wig and gown for himself, because he imagines they suit him, but he knows full well he will be nowhere in the running when a woman dons them

For one thing, she would know exactly how to manipulate the gown, so that it did not, at the sport of the wind, behave like an unruly sheet when crossing the Strand, and instinctively she would feel whether her wig were at a correct angle.

With the law at his wife's finger ends, man could not lay down certain maxims of his own, and swear they were law. Neither could he claim the sole prerogative of deciding any difficulties that might arise in their domestic life.

In view of these—to man—weighty considerations, he has decreed that woman shall be excluded from any participation in legal affairs.

Woman has had to temporarily knuckle under to his power in this respect, but there is every probability that the future, even the near future, will find women practising as solicitors and barristers in this country, with the same fulness of freedom and privilege that is extended to women lawyers and barristers to-day in the United States and even our own Dominion of Canada.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1904.	
Good Friday	*April 1.*
Easter Monday	*April 4.*
Whitsun Monday	*May 23.*
Bank Holiday	*August 1.*
Christmas Day	*December 25.*
Boxing Day	*December 26.*

1904. JUNE.					
S		5	12	19	26
M		6	13	20	27
T		7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	
S	4	11	18	25	

JULY.						
S		3	10	17	24	31
M		4	11	18	25	
T		5	12	19	26	
W		6	13	20	27	
T		7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29	
S	2	9	16	23	30	

AUGUST.					
S		7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

Now Ready, Part X. of

Pearson's Home Management.

Complete in Twelve Fortnightly Parts, price Sevenpence Each.

The whole will form an Invaluable Book of Reference to all Housewives.

I WOULD draw my readers' attention to the announcement on the first page regarding the payment of the sum of one hundred pounds to the next-of-kin of Mr. J. F. Blennerhasset, who met his death on the Metropolitan Railway recently. Every reader should take the precaution of signing the coupon at the foot of the last column on this page.

OUR new serial story, which will start in a few weeks' time, will be from the pen of Mr. Henry T. Johnson, whose work, though never having before appeared in *P.W.*, is well known in other of the Pearson publications. This story is a powerful tale of love and crime, hatred and revenge, and is of the deepest human interest. Readers should watch for the fuller announcements regarding it, which will be published next week.

G. P. sends me the text of an old Saxon law, which legalises proposals by the fair sex during Leap Year. Those who want to avail themselves of the law may like to know how it runs: "Albeit as often as leap year doth occurre, the woman holdeth prerogative over the minne in the matter of courtship, love and matrimonie; so that when the ladie proposeth it shall not be lawful for minne to say her nae, but shall receive her proposal in good courtesie."————There now! But I am sure no reader of *P.W.* would receive a proposal from a ladie in anything else but good courtesie. So far, however, the yunge minne on this staffe saye that the ladies have been jollie backwarde, and don't seeme as keene as they oughte to be, especiallie those who have lottes of monnie.

C. H. G. wants to know if any good insurance company would grant a loan of, say, £50, on a policy if taken out with them at once, for £100, payable at death.————I submitted your question to the expert who is responsible for the series of articles on insurance now running in *Pearson's Weekly*, and he tells me that insurance companies grant loans on their policies when they have attained a surrender value within a small margin of that value. A £100 policy upon which one premium only (say, £5) has been paid would be worth in cash, at most, one-third of that premium. Consequently no loan could be obtained. Some insurance companies, however, lend money on personal security on these terms: Borrower to enter into a bond for the amount, and give two sureties; also to insure his life for the amount of the loan. Lending money without security cannot be a sound financial transaction. The public should always fight shy of concerns professing to do business on those lines. They cannot possibly carry out their offers.

EVERY reader can think of a funny question, such as "Should Criminals be Taxed?" or "Can Cats Count?" and a penknife will be given to each of the twenty-five persons who sends in what the Editor considers the best similar question. All attempts must be written on postcards, which should be addressed to THE FUNNY EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, June 16th. Competitors are not limited as to the number of questions they send, but not more than one question may be written on one postcard. Picture postcards are preferred, and any that are received will be sent to the children's hospitals after the prizes have been awarded. Those competitors who prefer to send their attempts under cover may do so, provided they inclose a few stamps for the FRESH AIR FUND. A further ten penknives will be reserved for readers residing outside the limits of the British Isles, whose attempts must arrive, addressed as above, not later than September 15th, 1904.

RESULT OF THE "SAME" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to each of the following:

Miss Burdekin, Athol House, Scarborough; Miss L. Griffith, The White House, East Thorpe, Kelvedon; H. Page, George Street, Wing, near Leighton Buzzard; Miss Howard, Victoria Hospital, Watton, Norfolk; Miss May Theobald, 9r Wiltie Gardens, Folkestone; W. L. Gemmell, Fortescue House, Ilfracombe; W. H. Allen, Ranelagh Road, St. Austell; W. Barlow, 45 Tatton Street, Salford, Manchester; Miss M. Haword, 53 Addiscombe Road, Croydon; Miss K. Wright, 535 Coventry Road, Birmingham; H. L. Lloyd, 45 Gloucester Road, Anfield, Liverpool; Miss M. Hedley, 43 Sanderson Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. Allan, 80 Finlay Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow; H. J. Brown, 172 Upland Road, E. Dulwich; G. Bevan, Blaenau-Festiniog; L. Ockford, 4 Hilldrop Terrace, Market Street, Torquay; W. M. Rose, 1 Summerfield Avenue, West Kilburn, W.; J. Davison, Corridan, Monifieth Road, Broughty Ferry; Mrs Stalley, 43 East Street, Horsham; Miss Murrie, 264 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow; G. Garmeng, 27A Pembridge Villas, Bayswater, W.; C. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn; F. Bateman, 161 Horseley Fields, Wolverhampton; B. Tatton, 43 Lower Road, Aston, Birmingham; Mrs. Goldney, 14 Priory Road, Kew.

IN next week's *P.W.* I hope to publish the result of the Witness Box Contest.

DISTRACTED. — I should take no notice of an anonymous letter about the character of your sweetheart. Such letters are invariably the work of jealous people, and what spark they contain of truth, is often distorted out of all recognition. If the letters continue, find out who is the author, and get a solicitor's letter written. As you say you are very much attached to the girl, you can afford to disregard one libellous letter from a third party, and it should be a test of your affection that you do so ignore it.

IT is certainly the usual thing, EDWIN, for a man to buy his *fiancée* an engagement ring, unless she has a great preference for some other form of jewellery. The ring should be as valuable as your means will allow, but it must be serviceable, too—one that will bear hard and constant wear both before and after it is worn in company with the wedding ring. The tastes of the wearer should be borne in mind when it is being selected. It is your duty to be as much as possible in attendance on your sweetheart, but do not make any unnecessary show of affection in public—that can quite well be reserved until you are alone.

H. A. K.—You have written some verses which, you think, would be suitable for songs. At the same time, you don't know any composer to set them to music—that is to say, a composer who will do justice to them. What should you do?————Send them to the publishers who go in for the kind of song you have written. They will probably be only too anxious to get hold of good words for songs, and if they like yours, will soon find a good composer for them. Your other course would be to send them direct to the composers. This would involve much more delay, as musicians are vague, uncertain people. If you do the latter, get the verses printed, or clearly typewritten.

"Is there any opposite to a blackguard?" asks J. P. ————There is, of course, and I don't know why we should not speak of a "whiteguard." We might abbreviate it into a "wiggard," if so inclined. The "wiggard" is a person who is obtrusively virtuous, notoriously honest, abstemious, persevering, methodical. He couldn't say or do a bad thing. You could trust him, not only out of your sight, but at the other end of the world, and be sure he would bring you the halfpenny change. That is a whiteguard, or a "wiggard," and I don't see why we should not christen him herewith. Perhaps you are fortunate enough to have one or two amongst your acquaintance.

R. often goes to concerts, and notices that it is the invariable rule for a pianist, before playing his solo, to strike a few chords on the piano. He asks, "What are these chords, and do pianists play them for any special reason?"————The reason, R., is because the performer wishes to silence his audience before starting to play. As you have also noticed, there is invariably a hum of conversation in a crowded concert-room, before the performance, which would certainly distract the artist if it were not stopped. As a sort of warning, therefore, he plays a few chords, starting his solo when the silence has been secured. The chords are generally mere random fancies, in the same key as the composition to be played.

NERVOUS writes: "I should be glad if you could give me any hints that would aid me in public speaking. My past failures have been entirely due to nervousness."————You should begin by practising in a very quiet way, and banishing the idea of speaking before a large mass of people. I suggest that you should join a debating society in your neighbourhood, and speak just when the impulse seizes you, on some subject which attracts your attention, and arouses your emotions. In that way you will accustom yourself to phrase-making and forming sentences in public, which cannot be acquired save by practice, or distinct genius. When you have thus acquired confidence, you will find your nervousness diminish in public speaking. The best cure for nervousness is impulse. If, before making a speech, or singing a song, or trying some dangerous experiment, you pause to think it over, your nervousness increases at so many palpitations a second. Rush into a thing, without thought, and you will often be carried through safely before you are aware of it.

As in the past, quite a number of friends have come forward to pay for special days in connection with the FRESH AIR FUND. On June 20th, the Railway Employees in the Maintenance Department (C.A.A.R.) are paying for 470 little ones to spend a happy day in Epping Forest on "Bloemfontein Railway Maintenance Day." On June 21st, "Pears' Day," Messrs. Pears are again contributing to the happiness of 200 children; whilst on June 22nd, "St. George's Day," June 23rd, "Ellen's Day," and June 24th, "Edith's Day," 200 delighted youngsters will run riot beneath the trees.

A THOUSAND children had a delightful time in Epping Forest on "Empire Day"—May 24—through the generosity of donors to the FRESH AIR FUND. The rest of the money received on that day will be spent during the summer. I hope that any of my readers who have not yet sent along the contribution they mean to make towards this worthy object, will do so as soon as possible, so that arrangements for deciding, within a little, the number of children who are to have outings this year, may be made before the summer is far advanced.

MR. JOHN PAYNE, of Park Grange, Sevenoaks, has just sent me the magnificent sum of £81 for the FRESH AIR FUND. This amount was raised on board the *Armadale Castle*, on her homeward passage from the Cape recently—the proceeds of a concert given by the Ben Davies Concert Company, which consists of Miss Maggie Purvis, Miss Alice Lakin, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Whitney Tew, Mr. de Jong, and Signor Mascheroni. On behalf of the two thousand children who will benefit from this donation, I hope that the Ben Davies Concert Company will accept my very hearty thanks for their kindness.

Amount previously acknowledged, £1,348 13s. 1d.

Anon., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Callingham, £5; Two Little Boys, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; R. Atkins, 9d.; E. W., 9d.; John and Jane Battesby, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "Accident," £10; G. F. H., £9; Five Maids, £1; "Features," 5s.; The Coterie, 5s.; G. D. Buchanan, £1 1s.; B., 5s.; A. Thenth, 8s.; B. B., 2s. 6d.; M. C., 9d.; B. E. H., £2; K. A. H., 1s.; W. Matthews, 2s. 3d.; V. Arnold, 9d.; R. Williams, 2s. 6d.; Sidney Fletcher, 1s.; R. Hawes, 2s.; A. Rayner, 1s.; H. Langham, 3s.; G. P. L., 2s. 6d.; A Widow and Her Daughter, 1s. 6d.; Old Jimmie and His Lodgers, 3s.; C. A. P., 9d.; Kilkenny, 2s. 6d.; D. J., 1s. 6d.; L. A. Mobray, 3s. 6d.; Carl Payen, 6s. 6d.; H. L. Bham, 1s. 6d.; L. A. T., 1s. 6d.; M. Sunderland, 1s. 6d.; B. Williams, 1s.; Byres, 5s. 3d.; E. H., 2s.; H. H., 2s.; J. H., 1s.; Tommy, 3d.; E. A. B., 1s. 6d.; Mère et Fille, 2s. 3d.; H. Shepherd, 1s.; W., 2s.; M. B., Weymouth, 5s.; K. Price, 1s. 6d.; E. G. Peel, 9d.; L. H., 9d.; Wet Paint, £1; Dicky Bird, 10s.; A. E. F., 1s. 6d.; Vido, 10s.; A Golfer, 3s.; Flora and Donald, 1s. 6d.; A. M. C. T. and F. L. S., 3s.; Anon., Aldershot, 14s. 6d.; Mrs. Taylor, 1s. 6d.; E. Dyson, 1s. 9d.; Fortunate, 10s.; An Invalid, 9d.; Inasmuch, 1s.; C. Marshall, 3s. 4d.; C. W. B., 9d.; W. Boniface, 9d.; T. Foster Knowles, £10 10s.; Foreign Stamps, 7s.

COLLECTED: Country Mouse Co., 6s.; Miss Godfrey, 14s. 3d.; E. King, 2s. 6d.; R. Thomson, £1 5s. 6d.; Proceeds of Ben Davies's Concert on board the *Armadale Castle*, by the Misses Maggie Purvis and Alice Lakin, also Messrs Ben Davies, Whitney Tew, De Jong, and Signor Mascheroni, per J. Payne, £81; Reliable Picnic, Saturday, 14th inst., per D. Elder, £1 5s.; A Few Contractors, 7.15 a.m. train, per E. Gregory, 6s. 3d.; J. W. Andrews, 2s. 3d.; Harry Boyles' Football Challenge Cup for School Boys, per F. Woodhouse, £2; Ethel Rowe, £6 12s. 2d.; Children's Concert, by A. E. Swift, 15s.; W. and E. Entwistle and L. Hindly, 3s. 6d.

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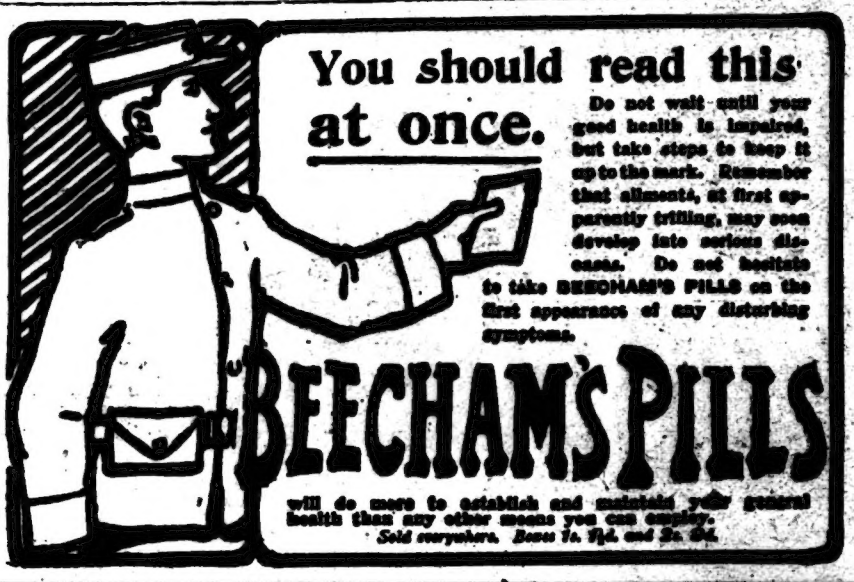

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